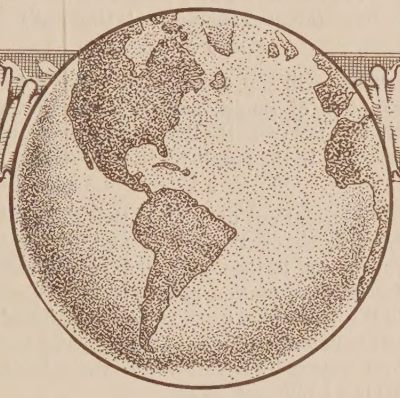
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

April 29, 1922



To a Crucifix

O courteous Christ, kind guest, most gracious host,
Which of these ugly things had pained you most—
That silly priests repeat your words for gain
Or in your house hang symbols of your pain?

How had you withered at the servile breath
Spent in the praises of your common death,
Scorning these claims to honor and to pride
For such a death as multitudes have died!

Not in the cross was such indignity
As these acclaiming Christian ages see,
When you, who lived for cure and for relief,
Are most remembered for your wounds and grief!

Anna Wickham in New Republic.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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ADVERTISING—*The Leader* will always be glad to receive advertising that will inform its readers where they can btain reliable goods from epurtable houses. will invite advertising from those who may be able to supply real needs of its readers, but from no others. We feel sure our constituents will support this policy, which is adopted in their interest, even though it may conflict with our own. —*From n ditorial in the Leader.*

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Μιγμα

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravel'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
(*From Tennyson's "Ulysses."*)

υ λ

Some will say that Conan Doyle's description of conditions in Heaven shows that he possesses the lively imagination so essential to the novelist. (*Boston Globe.*)

υ λ

A resolution upholding the right of free speech on the college platform and calling for fearless open-mindedness and for the presentation of all points of view in the interests of truth and the forming of unprejudiced and rational judgments, has been passed by a vote of the students at Mount Holyoke College.

υ λ

Opponents of the bonus will enthusiastically applaud the letter which Senator Borah sent to an American Legion post in his home state, Idaho. They will approve his assertion that for him to vote for the bonus would be a simple matter of barter in which he would "use the people's money to buy somebody's vote." (*Whiting's Column, in Boston Herald.*)

υ λ

A New York clergyman says Americans are amusement mad. We suppose that's the only reason why we don't lynch the present Congress. (*Milwaukee Journal.*)

υ λ

The presence of Russian and German delegates and their participation in the deliberations at the Genoa Conference will produce a mixed result. It will at once increase the vitality of the discussion and the reality of the diagnosis, but by exposing the dangerous nature of the malady it will diminish the probability of any immediate agreement upon a remedy. (*New Republic.*)

υ λ

The publication of the Emma Goldman articles against Soviet Russia, and their wide-spread use by the capitalistic press, is a hilarious episode of these opening spring days. We see, however, no more reason for sitting at her feet now than formerly; she seems to us to be what she has always been, an honest and able exponent of anarchism, and nothing more. That those who cast her out yesterday should now be clasping her fondly to their bosoms, is only one more illustration of the pregnant truth that it makes a difference whose ox is gored. (*Unity.*)

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Its opportunities for service are far greater th its resources.

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It needs endowed subscriptions for college a public libraries.

It will receive annuity funds paying interest the donor for life.

THE
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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, sus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

A church without child life in it looks to a somber ture.

* *

No Church has a right to keep silent amid public rongs.

* *

The wise man who contendeth with the fool is ot a wise man!

* *

The acrobatic evangelist initiates more ridicule an righteousness.

* *

We may not have much religion, but what are e doing with what we have?

* *

If you would know perfection be a little patient ith the imperfections of others.

* *

If you are young look to the rising and not to the tting sun, and you will always be young.

* *

The meanest kind of a law-breaker is the one who reaks the law for the sake of breaking it!

* *

Do not expect your preacher to please you every unday, else he will be no bigger than you are.

* *

If the leaf fluttering in the breeze thinks at all, it inks that breeze was created to make leaves flutter.

* *

There are a good many one-eyed men in this orld who can see only one idea at a time—and often ey are not sure of that.

* *

When the world begins to practise its religion in very day life, it will be good for the world, but dread- lly hard on the lawyers.

* *

What a blessing it would be to hungry souls if the inister read more Bible and less sermon, assuming f course that the minister can read the Bible!

* *

ur Easter

The church news columns contain reports of many nspiring and significant Easter observances. This ay seem only a repetition of what has happened in ther years, but it is more than that. Easter used to be an event. It has now become a climax. More and more, our churches and our ministers carry steadily on from September to Easter, and beyond Easter for that matter. Perhaps there has not been a time in many years when so many of our churches were so thoroughly alive and so deeply in earnest. From many churches come personal reports that the congregations were "different," more attentive, serious, and with evident sense of the meaning of Easter in their lives and not simply as an event in the year.

Lured to Something by Something Else

In the olden days when the publication would secure an increase of circulation people were urged to subscribe because of the alleged beautiful chromos which were given, and one great religious journal caught vast numbers of "wide awake" people when they were "fast asleep!" Incidentally it may be mentioned that it was a good paper for which they subscribed, but it was the chromo which caught the fish. With variations the policy, not the principle, here announced has become almost universal, and the practise of giving the dear people something for nothing, or at least a marked-down bargain, enters into every line of trade. Not to be left, the church in many instances has got into the procession. The invitation is: Come to our church. You will get cushioned seats, artistic surroundings, better music than you can get at the ordinary opera, and you can get suppers at a marked down price, and you can break into society, in fact you can get everything but religion! It would be interesting to see how long a congregation would endure, were it not for the fine music provided for by the funds of the dead; how wide a circulation the minister would have in the world's life, were it not for the chromo offered in the way of music. He may boast of the hundreds that come to his church, but ninety per cent do not care a picayune for service or sermon, but endure them for the sake of the free concert! We can hardly expect the business interests to give up "a good thing" as long as people fall for it, but why should the church not be on a higher plane than to lure with sensation and entertainment and neglect the vital thing?

The German-Russian Alliance

The only people who appear to have been surprised at the Russo-German Treaty are the statesmen

and diplomats of other European countries. For four years France has had a great army pointed at Germany, ready at an instant's notice to burst across the border. France, with the moral support of England, has held Poland at the throat of Soviet Russia. Could there be any possible outcome save to drive Germany and Russia together? And if the direst forebodings of the pessimists are realized and we have in the future a war between Western Europe on the one side and Germany and Russia on the other, who will be to blame save the statesmen who failed to foresee and provide against that which was evident to almost everybody else? Are we to refuse indefinitely to learn that they who take the sword perish by the sword?

* *

ARMENIA

DURING recent years millions of Americans have contributed millions of dollars to save the Armenian victims of the world war. Now it appears that we were saving them for Turkish torture and maiming and butchering. At least, that is the probable outcome of the restoration of the Turk, because such restoration appears to suit the political and economic interests of Western Europe.

Our politicians at Washington have decreed that the American Eagle must bury its head in the sand lest it see what is going on in the rest of the world. No entangling alliances for us! No part in world organization for world peace! We are safe. Why should we care what happens to Armenian women and children? Why should anybody care—except God?

* *

THE ANSWER OF DEMOCRACY

THE long atrocities of Czarism produced Bolshevism as surely as the Bastille produced the French Revolution. Partly because proximity brought terror, partly because so much of the spirit of Czarism survives in other lands, the rest of Europe established a dead-line between itself and Russia. When the great famine came, there seemed to be a disposition to let it have full sway, in the belief that it would at least prevent the Bolshevists from troubling their neighbors.

If we have to blush with shame for what we have not done for Armenia, we may take some satisfaction in what we have done for Russia. Was it distance or democracy, or both, that made us so sure of ourselves that we could afford to be greatly generous to those from whom we differed utterly and completely? American workers and American corn have broken the back of the greatest famine in history. It is reported that our efforts have saved the lives of twenty millions. At any rate, from the Volga to the Urals, *America* is now a sacred and blessed word.

For a generation we have enjoyed the trust of China because we alone refused to exploit the Chinese after the Boxer uprising. It will be difficult to convince White Russia that Americans are their enemies or that American institutions are vicious. There is something more than charity in the Master's injunction: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him." It is the expression of that highest statesmanship which shall yet save the world.

* *

FORWARD

THAT was a significant moment the other day when an almost casual statement on the floor of the United States Senate to the effect that this country would yet enter a league of nations brought tumultuous applause from the usually silent galleries.

It means that something more powerful than governments is moving for world peace—the growing purpose of the common people.

Versailles, Washington, Genoa, and so forward step by step. Each conference not only makes the next one possible, but the failures of each, far more than the successes, compel the next one.

It is easy to criticise the Washington Conference, it will be easy to criticise Genoa, for what is left undone. Yet he is indeed blind who can not see that the elder statesmen of all lands, who would have been content to rebuild the world as it was before the world war, have gone, along with king and kaiser. Not simply to rebuild, but to built better, is the task set before us, and in every land men and women are consecrating themselves to that task. We Universalists have been sowing our faith for a century and a half, and it is beginning now to promise an abundant harvest.

* *

THE ETHICS OF ADVERTISING

FIVE years ago *The Leader* was offered an amount nearly equal to its previous year's advertising receipts for a relatively small amount of space to be used by the proprietors of a beverage then and since under attack as a habit former. Not only was the proffered contract declined but the occasion was taken to declare that the advertising columns of *The Leader* are no more for sale than the editorial columns. This means that each piece of proffered copy is carefully examined to determine whether it is truthful and will convey serviceable information to our readers. Until such determination is made, the amount offered for its insertion has no consideration.

Some day this will be the policy of every respectable paper. Surely it ought to be the present policy of every journal that seeks to mold public opinion, and expects its columns to carry moral weight.

The issue of the *New Republic* for April nineteenth contains a full page advertisement of a book entitled "God or Gorilla." Among the statements in bold-faced type running across the entire page are these: "Even ministers and 'teacher-theologians' of a now Croesus-owned Christianity are back chattering with the monkeys and hurling milkless nuts at a personal God." "When your children insistently and trustingly ask you 'Who made us?' . . . you must choose for their maker either God or a Gorilla."

The *New Republic* has declared that its own goal was never one of gain. It has been critical, not to say caustic, concerning the ethics of others. "God or Gorilla" leaves us wondering a bit about its own.

Finding a New Minister for Washington

John van Schaick, Jr.

YESTERDAY, Easter Sunday, the Rev. Arthur W. Grose, D. D., so long our minister in Rochester and distinguished for war work over-seas, preached for us a powerful sermon on "Some Implications of Immortality." We had an attendance of 252. I received sixteen into the church. We had a collection of $3,860, making a good start on our campaign for the new church and the Perin-Cate Home in Japan. There was a live meeting of the Y. P. C. U. at night, which made Grose comment on the change which had come. Far from going to pieces without a regular minister, we are going ahead. But that does not mean that "finding a new minister for Washington" is not the most important task ahead of us, next to the building of the church itself.

The attitude of everybody concerned in getting a man to be minister of the National Universalist Memorial Church in Washington is exactly what it should be.

To make it clear, let me recall what has happened in the sixteen months since Dr. Levi Powers left us.

I cleared the ground myself on the first Sunday after Dr. Powers' death by stating positively that I would not be his successor, that I had had eighteen years to prove what I could do and that another man should have a chance; that the time had come for big things here, and that we should get the biggest man we could find for the job.

By the natural process of my doing things which nobody else was around to do, I have become acting pastor, visiting the sick, attending funerals, arranging supplies and conducting services when no one else is available.

The Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention and our local board made an arrangement early in 1921 by which the General Superintendent took charge of supplying the pulpit here. This was not a hard and fast thing, for our trustees cooperated. Since last January I have attended to it.

It was agreed to get our best men to come to Washington as supplies and not to have candidates. Some of the "best minds" could not come and an examination of the list shows that we have had men most of whom could not possibly leave the things they were doing to be the minister in Washington. As always happens, some men who had agreed to come were prevented, and men going through or near by were pressed into service.

The following men have supplied for us, a few of them more than once, and one or two of them several times:

Dr. LeGrand Powers, Rev. John Sayles, Rev. Stanley Manning, Dr. A. W. Grose, Rev. H. E. Benton, Rev. H. A. Abbott, Dr. Harold Marshall, Dr. Lee S. McCollester, Rev. Clarence Guy Robbins, Rev. Stanard Dow Butler, Dr. F. O. Hall, Rev. E. D. Ellenwood, Dr. Henry R. Rose, Dr. J. Fort Newton, Dr. J. F. Albion, Rev. Chas. E. Pennoyer, Dr. A. Eugene Bartlett, Rev. Roger F. Etz, Dr. W. H. McGlauflin, Rev. Harry Adams Hersey, Mr. Ralph E. Hunt, Dr. Vincent E. Tomlinson, Dr. John Murray Atwood, Dr. Thos. E. Potterton, Dr. Frederick H. Perkins, Dr. John Smith Lowe and Dr. Geo. E. Huntley.

Rev. Lyman Ward will come next Sunday, Dr. McCollester and Dr. Bartlett again in May, and that probably will end the supplies for this year.

There are some things which we know better now down here than sixteen months ago.

We know better what an able lot of ministers we have in the Universalist Church—how they differ but how they stand by one another. We have had many of them in our own home. We have heard them preach and studied their fads and fancies when work was over, and it is amazing to note the range they cover. This one had read more books on more subjects than any other man I ever met. Another one haunted the art galleries and talked pictures with my wife like a real critic. A third led me late Saturday night into all the streets and back alleys associated with Lincoln, and on Sunday morning up into the old forts of the Civil War which he had known as a child. I had to break all speed laws to get him to church on time, but he preached like an angel. This man had had considerable experience as a Chautauqua lecturer, that one had traveled in Japan, another one knew municipal government to an unusual extent. There was the General Superintendent, who knew churches all over the United States, the Sunday School man who cared less about making a speech than he did about meeting real needs, the Publishing House manager with an inspiring vision of what we can do all together through the power of the printed word.

We have had men from our colleges training the fellows (and girls) who will take our places, and we have had executives of great successful city churches.

We have laughed uproariously and have been moved to tears, but never have been bored by our ministers

Some one sympathized with my wife about the hardship of having to entertain so many ministers, and she replied truthfully that we have had the best of it, seeing these men as we have in the intimacy of our home, skimming the very cream of their rich, happy, hopeful personalities. We have learned what is doing everywhere in our denomination. We have heard of new methods. We have got a new idea of the vitality of the Church at large.

We also know better down here now how very little effort is made in behalf of this man or that to land them in particular positions and how singularly free our denominational leaders are of pulling wires to effect such results.

Some of our leaders have come and gone at times without even mentioning the question of a minister, because we have been too busy talking about other more urgent things. To be sure, these leaders have talked about this matter with us. They must talk about it and must plan for it or they would be unfit to be leaders. But we know now that the subject will be taken up in a broad, unselfish spirit.

"What kind of a church do you want?" "That decides what type of a man you will seek."

Everybody is agreed that we do not want a neighborhood church or an institutional church, but a teaching church, centrally located, with the task of reaching some of the thousands of visitors who come here, and of making them disciples of the liberal faith.

Everybody likewise is agreed that we must have a man or woman for Washington who has the confidence of the denomination. He must be well known. Denominational backing is essential if the project is to succeed.

When it comes to the decision as to who is the most available man, the Comrades and the Board of Trustees of the General Convention will have considerable to say. They ought to. This does not mean that we will be ignored. But we have no disposition to push any man. We have kept our minds and hearts open. We have liked many men very much. We have seen several who seem to us just right to fit into this difficult and important situation. There are absolutely no parties or factions here favoring any particular candidacy. This man might put Y first, but would be glad to have X or Z. Another man would put Z first, but would be glad to have X or Y.

But there probably will be no parish voting on the conflicting claims of the able men whose names might come before us. If we have to make a list of men from whom to select, we will do so, but it is likely to be arranged alphabetically.

What strikes us all the time is the fact that, important as is the selection of a man for this place there are other important tasks from which it would be criminal almost to take men. And of the men looming up most prominently as possibilities we have laughed quietly to see how each has gone patiently and confidentially into the reasons why that other fellow was a little better fitted for the task.

If to this spirit we add time and patience, the wise selection will be made. And after that must come loyal support by everybody.

At this moment we must buckle down to the specific task of building the church in which this great leader will stand to proclaim the impartial love of God for all His children.

Have You Read "Kimono?"

Minnie J. Ayres

AMONG the recent books none is more widely read or more freely discussed among the foreign residents in Japan than "Kimono," by John Paris. Since the author is English, it will probably be much read in England, but we can only wonder how wide a circulation it will have in America.

It is a book which we feel will be much appreciated for its brilliant literary qualities, but it is more than this: it is a story with a great moral objective. The author evidently knows Japanese life intimately. His soul has been stirred by the situation of women and the evils of family life, and he writes openly, sparing neither individuals nor institutions in his almost scathing denunciation of conditions.

It is the story of an Anglo-Japanese marriage. The son of an English lord, big-hearted, loyal, living up to a high ideal of what he calls "good form," marries a Japanese girl who was brought to Europe when an infant and whose education and experience have been wholly European. She is cultured, wealthy, and charming, moves in the best society, and no one questions her antecedents, in fact she knows nothing of them herself. They are married in St. George's, Hanover Square, and the Japanese Ambassador attends the wedding. All goes well until they go to Japan toward the last of their honeymoon journey. Here they both have experiences which could only end in tragedy, were the author not so skilful as to evolve something good from a difficult situation.

The local press here have criticised the book very severely. Old residents say that persons and scenes and places are described so accurately as to be recognizable, that the author, in his horror at the realization of conditions here, has forgotten decorum and has been guilty of scandal. But to us who have come to Japan more recently and who do not know the individuals portrayed, there is much that appeals as true.

We, too, have passed through the three stages which the author describes. The first stage is disappointment. "We have heard so much of the East and its splendors. The reality is small and sordid and like so much that is ugly in our own country." The second stage is discovery. "Have you ever walked about a Japanese city in the twilight when the evening bell sounds from a hidden temple? Have you turned into the by-streets and watched the men returning to their wise little houses and the family groups assembled to meet them and help them change their kimonos? Have you heard the splashing and chatter of the bath houses which are the evening clubs of the common people and the clearing houses of gossip? Have you heard the broken samisen music tracking you down a street of geisha houses? Have you seen the geisha herself sitting rigid and expressionless in the rickshaw which is carrying her off to meet her lover? Have you heard the drums of Priapus beating from the gay quarters? Have you watched the crowds which gather round a temple festival, buying queer little plants for their homes and farthing toys for their children, crowding to the fortune-teller's booth for news of good luck, throwing their penny to the god and clapping their hands to attract his attention? Have you see anything of this without a feeling of deep pleasure, and a wonder as to how these people live and think, what we have in common with them and what we have got to learn from them?"

The third stage is disillusionment, and here the author refers to Lafcadio Hearn. "The dead are the real rulers of Japan, he said. Underneath the surface changing, the nation is deeply conservative, still as much locked in its primitive family system as it was a thousand years ago. You can not be friends with a

apanese unless you are friends with his family and you an not be friends with his family unless you belong o it. This is the deadlock; and this is why we never et any forwarder."

Geoffrey and his wife visit the tea-houses and heir charm is accurately portrayed, but this does not nder the author from seeing behind the appearance modesty which is the proper demeanor of the tea-ouse girl. "Despite the quietness of the poses, they ere as challenging in their way as the swinging hips Piccadilly," and he adds the startling statement hat "it is as true to-day as it was in Kaempfer's time, he old Dutch traveler of two hundred and fifty years go, that every hotel in Japan is a brothel and every ea-house and restaurant a house of assignation."

At Nagasaki Geoffrey is taken by a boat acquaintance to a famous tea-house to see the geisha dance, hich is patronized not only by Japanese, but by many oreign business men. Wigram whispered to Geoffrey, I have seen the *danse du ventre* at Algiers, but this eats anything." The author describes it in all its aldness; and we trust that this part of the book, at east, will have some influence over our western people ho are helping to keep alive such a system. The eal nature of the geisha is so little understood by eople in general that last year the missionaries felt it ise to publish a leaflet on this subject for distribution mong tourists in Japan.

The author strikes a hard blow against the family ystem in the way her family treat the heroine, Asako. He has not lost sight of the problems of Eurasia here, hese unfortunate people who have sprung from marages of Japanese with Europeans or Americans, ho have no standing among either class. The Japaese method of marriage has not been overlooked and he evils to which it leads. Such evils we know are ast increasing. An educated Japanese woman who is n a position to know her countrywomen has said that o-day there are thousands of Japanese women maried to men whom they never knew or respected, who re leaving their husbands and going off with other hen. The spirit of revolt is growing.

The Japanese method of divorce is ridiculed, the aw by which a man can divorce his wife by going to he registrar and asking that the registration of his ife be changed from his family back to her own amily. Yet it is only fair to say that the law to-day rovides better protection for women than this, though nany women are ignorant of it. This change can ot be made if the woman will be so bold as to make bjection, and we have just had the interesting exerience of seeing a woman take the first step and ublish in the newspaper that she had divorced her usband.

But the great point of the book is aimed against he Yoshiwara, the licensed quarters of Japan. In okyo Geoffrey and his wife with friends go to see he procession of the Oiran (courtesan) at the Yoshiara. A most vivid description of these women ollows, especially the queens who walked high above he people on their high clogs. " 'I, if I be lifted up, vill draw all men unto me,' Reggie Forsyth could not epress the blasphemy." But it is also only fair to ay that this procession has not been held since 1916, nd to-day these women do not appear in the booths, for selection is made by photograph, the entrances to these places being filled with large portraits brilliantly lighted with electricity. Men are there beating gongs and inviting patrons to enter.

This affects Geoffrey more than any other experience, and when he visits the Japanese Ambassador whom he had known in London and is asked, "What strikes you as the most surprising difference between our two countries?" he answers, "This Yoshiwara business." It is a staggering blow when he finds that his wife, the lovely Asako, belongs to the Fujinami family who are receiving millions of yen from licensed houses.

The author is candid in stating the Japanese position on this question. "The problem of vice is a problem of government. No law can abolish it. It is for statesmen to study how to restrain it and its evil consequences. Three hundred years ago these women used to walk the streets as they do in London to-day. They used to carry a little straw mat on their backs so as to make a bed in any convenient place. Tokugawa Iyeyasu, who gave peace to the whole country, put in order this untidiness also. He had the Yoshiwara built." There is no doubt but that the Japanese attitude toward this business is entirely different from that of the West. To them, their way and our way seem just a difference in method; in fact, they think that their way of "open acknowledgment" is better than our method of ignoring its existence. The real point is that we do not give it the status of a lawful occupation or take fees from it for government expenses. Neither do we connect it with our religion, as here the Yoshiwara is related to the temple.

The author evidently knows Japan intimately and writes from a full knowledge of conditions, but he is so stirred by the degraded position of woman that he sees all Japanese life from this standpoint. We can only wish that he had written with greater sympathy, for he has failed to take note of the greatly increasing number of good Japanese who deplore conditions just as sincerely as we do. Those who have lived here know the strong fight which was made by Japanese Christians against the opening of the new licensed house in Osaka which the author brings into the story.

We can only wonder what the effect of this book will be. The Japanese surely will not like it. We would not like a foreigner to come to our land and hold up our weaknesses to ridicule. If a Japanese had written it, it would do a world of good. If our people at home would read it in the right spirit, the spirit of recognizing the need of more Christian workers here and willingness to take up the task, it would be a strong missionary book. But if it is taken as some of our people take other things about Japan, it would be better unread. One of our loyal church members said she did not wish to give to help Japanese because they had treated the Koreans so badly. It is not the well that need a physician, but the sick; and only the Great Physician can be equal to healing such troubles as "Kimono" portrays.

If our people read this book, may we ask that they will take our word for this (we are on the field and we know), that Christianity has made and is making great changes in the status of woman and in general morals in Japan? What changes the future will bring forth will be largely due to the attitude of America.

The Papers of John Pererin

XXXI The Seamless Coat Again

IT surely has become a Christian task of the first order to attend very seriously to the torn and tattered Church of God. A divided Church can not unite the world. Its disunion is more than a reproach, it is an apostasy. For it is a denial of its own commission. The Church was meant to be a focus and organ of unity in a disrupted world. I know that there are sound historical reasons for the rise of sects. Whenever the Church has overlooked some element of Christian truth or neglected some aspect of the Christian experience, a body of people has arisen to bear witness to the omitted portion of the inheritance. But the Church, being human, treated these people as upstarts and either threw or froze them out. And so a sect was born. Then the sect, being also human, began to plume itself upon being the sole custodian of the truth, and so was born that deplorable thing, *sectarianism*. But by this time we have boxed the compass of the necessary elements and emphases of Christianity and we should be gathering them all up into a single complete testimony. The hope of a universal Church is unfortunately not even in sight. But there are areas within which church union has become practical politics. I find it hard to understand the mind of a Christian who is not committed up to the eyes to a program of union. The healing of the dismembered body of Christ is to-day of the very marrow of faith. I do not understand how a sectarian, the man who hives off with his kind, supposes that he and they are the sole depositories of the truth of God and excommunicates the rest of us, can claim to rank as a Christian at all. And what effrontery, what presumption it is! To suppose that you are carrying God's wide ocean in your own little pail, to suppose that you have measured the height and depth and length and breadth of the Cross of Christ with your own private and arbitrary measuring tape, to imagine that there are no stops in God's organ except those on your own little concertina!

The man for whom Jesus is central, whose hope for himself and for the world is in the Cross, is my brother in the true catholic faith. I do not care what label he wears; he belongs to me and I belong to him deep down in the spiritual texture of things. His theology may not be my theology, but his religion is my religion. And religion is greater than theology, for religion is life and theology is what we say about it. The sectarians are the folk who are dividing his garments among them; and for his vesture they cast lots. And the robe is without seam, woven from the head throughout. Jesus is vaster than all the creeds; his gospel is huger and more heroic than our piping little preachments, and his Cross outmeasures the reach of our minds. Who hath searched the mind of the Lord so that he can say that this man or that society is outside the covenant?

> For the love of God is broader
> Than the measure of man's mind;

and no man, whether he be Pope or Plymouth Brother, can delimit the frontiers of His Church. Jesus came to break down the middle-wall of partition between th Jew and the Greek; and in doing so he passed sentenc upon every wall in the world. It is for us to carry ou the sentence. Let us go to it, with a will.

And then there is the grave and difficult proble of social unity. The evening paper tells me to-day tha six hundred thousand miners have gone on strik and that is only a symptom of a yawning gulf tha reaches across the world. In Great Britain no le than on this continent society is riven by a chasm dee enough for all sorts of tragedy. And the face Europe is streaked with numberless raw gashes. Ye the garment was without seam, woven from the to throughout. And once more the rags and tatte have to undergo some "invisible mending" whic may make the garment whole again.

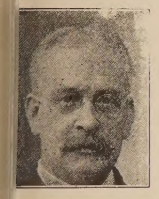
And here the issue is very plain. It is whethe we are going to cling to that man-in-the-street phi osophy which has led us into this trackless wildernes or whether we are ready to try out the Man-on-th cross philosophy at last. So long as we continue t order life on the basis of presumed rights, of aims an claims which are self-regarding and are therefo always potentially in conflict, we shall continue to liv in a shattered world. It is only when we learn tha the real interests of men are always and everywhe the same that we shall achieve a world worth living i

Perhaps some day we shall see that humility the basis of all sound politics and sound religion- that humility which is a fastidious self-respect tha neither suffers nor offers humiliation. Certainly it the very ground of an authentic democratic societ For the moment a man exalts himself above his fe lows, or lords it over them, or exploits them to his ow private ends, he is breaking the social bond. Th man is constituting himself into an aristocracy. An democracy is all the time being shot to pieces by th pride, the vanity and the self-esteem of men. We sha not achieve anything like democracy until we hav learned the simple truth that capacity is not th measure of worth but of obligation, not of the hon and glory that we ought to have but of the servi that we ought to give. And then we shall not hav mere democracy, but brotherhood. It is asking muc of the natural man that he should forego his chan of what he calls success by devoting his capacity t the common weal, indeed it is asking what is beyon his capacity without the grace of God. But we sha be crying for the moon if we suppose that we can go o grinding our own axes and blowing our own trumpe and, at the same time, achieve a quiet and fruitfu life. "The Son of Man came not to be ministere unto but to minister"—there is the entire secre When we see and believe that the fulness of manhoo does lie in becoming a servant we shall have reache something that out-democratizes democracy. W shall have achieved the Kingdom of God. A far cr you say. All the more reason for an early star But I sometimes fancy that it may be nearer than w think.

Father of Jesus, from whom the whole family i

th and in heaven is named, give us the will to l the feuds that rend the family. Make us, we y Thee, in our own lives agents of a healing grace, liating centers of that love which, because it vaunteth itself and is not puffed up, is a virtue of reconciliation and union. Deliver us from the pride that divides, from the self-regard that disrupts, from the vanity that breaks our human unity. And let our humility show forth his grace, who was among us as one meek and lowly in heart. Amen.

Editorial Correspondence



ONCE upon a time, in the not very long ago, I wandered through some of the art galleries of Europe, and with other impressionable tourists said "Oh!" and "Ah!" in a subdued voice, as I stood before some masterpiece of art. And then, when no one s looking, I crept away into a little niche, filled full pictures of less renown, good enough to be there, but t good enough to be great. There, before a little nvas, boasting of a number, but not of a name, I in silence. It was just a little woodland scene th a little child in the foreground, all very conven- nal to be sure, but so well done, by a young artist obably, as to win the right of a hanging in the great t gallery, though in this obscure corner. I came to is picture to rest my eyes and my soul in the dewy olness of the wood, and the restful simplicity of the ld, when wearied by the dazzle of greatness and ory. Now I do not know anything technically out art; I only know that certain harmonies of e and color are as music to my soul. The guide- oks tell me when to "Oh," and "Ah," and I say them, as not to seem peculiar. And it was thrilling to k upon those creations the ages have consecrated as rks of the high priests of art. Most of us did not ow, but there were few of us who could not feel, and because these masterpieces were just like the tle picture in the niche, true to nature, but greater cause they were more true, and perhaps to the more mplex phases of nature.

But what surprised me most in these great art nters was the fact that so few of the natives were to seen; here and there were groups of tourists from nerica in the leading of a guide, and now and then a ident copying his or her particular choice, but the ople, the common people of Berlin and Florence, d other places, whom we suppose to be hungering d thirsting after beauty, were really starving in the dst of bounty, and knew it not.

We have some wonderful art galleries in America; me of our surplus gold has been transmuted into auty, and in the big cities magnificent buildings ve been erected in which to house some of the treas- es of the Old World, and the prophetic treasures of r own. And groups of tourists from Chicago visit e collections in Boston, and groups from Boston, o have not seen their own galleries, are personally nducted through the corridors of the Chicago Mu- um of Art! Queer lot of humans are we all! Phila- lphians who have never seen their own Independence all tour to Boston to say "Oh,"and "Ah," in Faneuil all, and Bostonians who know not their own North urch journey to Philadelphia to see the cracked berty Bell!

I have made a marvelous discovery right here in is' baby city of the Southland (baby in years and not in sophistication), that, in spite of my comparative poverty, that is, compared with the possessions of malefactors of great wealth, I have been enabled to establish one of the world's most notable galleries of art, having this unique feature, that it is new every morning and fresh every evening, like other blessings of God. It is never twice the same, but always true to nature.

Come sit with me on my front porch, and watch the procession of Florida mountains. If you say that there are no such things as Florida mountains, you simply reveal the shameful fact that you are not yet nine days old, and have not got your eyes open! In the course of my travels I have seen the glories of the Alps with all their historic and scenic charm, and the panorama of the Rockies, all the way from the Canadian border to Panama, with their rugged and compelling grandeur, but never have I seen anything more splendid than the range of cloud-mountains which rises nearly every morning up from the blue waters of the sea. They catch the light of the early sun, and their snowy peaks become translucent, while gigantic shadows chase each other across the mighty bulk below, like a lifting curtain, disclosing deep, dark caverns, rugged crags and gentle slopes blending with the sea. Never were there such mountains as we have right here, and never such an artist to fix them on the canvas of our memory.

But we are blind. Seventy-five per cent of our people are blind to the beauty and the glory of their immediate surroundings. They know not the charms of their own city, but are hoping and praying that some time they may be rich enough to go to Europe and "see something!"

My gallery is not limited to mountain scenery. Sometimes when the great masses of clouds break from the heights above the sea and float across the range of my vision, they are changed into a portrait gallery, and there I see faces, historic faces, of those who have made our world great, and others who have made it happy. Just over my big pine tree in a frame of snow there is revealed a living portrait of George Washington. I think I see him more often than others, and it may be because his profile and prominent features and crown of snowy hair lend themselves to this kind of art. Any way, there is his portrait drawn in heroic lines upon the heavens.

But these pictures come and go; with the rolling clouds one is quickly displaced by another, and the eminent is followed by the humble, even as it is upon our commonplace streets. There is nothing fixed in this cloud-gallery of mine; no hanging committee can put in place, or take away—the Supreme Artist hangs as He will. A wonderful procession of notables and nobodies! With a thrill I see the features of an old friend, seen no more upon the earth. And then amid the dissolving views come the well known out-

lines of a criminal who has stamped his name and fame on the memory of the public in blood. Perhaps he is only a lowly and humble murderer of a single victim, while beside him in pride stands one who led armies to the slaughter of multitudes! And then there comes the laughing face of one who has made the world smile, and warmed hearts with contagious joy.

There is another room in my gallery of all-out-of-doors, which I enter only at twilight, to see such a landscape as no human artist can ever paint. The canvas is the wide stretched and deep blue sky, and over it are scattered sprays of gold as fleecy clouds are gilded and glorified by the setting sun; and even while I look, they are turned to warm crimson and then to royal purple, and next to burnished silver. Far down below there is a stretch of woodland, where palm and pine crowd each other and their tops are silhouetted against the radiant sun.

Sometime we are going to be wiser and see the glory of the homeland; sometime we are going to climb those cloud-mountains, and reach the heaven of which we have dreamed, which is just beyond. But meanwhile, there is no place more beautiful, more wonderful, than just where we are, if we are not blind for the kingdom of the heaven of art and life is within you.

F. A. B.

The World in Washington

I Putting Surplus Munitions to Work

John van Schaick, Jr.

[*Editorial note:* It is increasingly apparent that Washington will be the center of world thought and action for the next decade, perhaps for the next century. Many years' residence, a wide acquaintance and deep human sympathy, especially fit Dr. van Schaick to write informingly of events both seen and unseen. It is rare good fortune for our readers that he has undertaken this task.]

MILLIONS of dollars worth of high explosives left over after the war, have been made to work for the good of the country.

We went into the war on such a scale that we built several munition plants any one of which could have produced as muc in a month as the Allies combined could have produced in a year. We made contracts for enormous quantities of all kinds of materials.

When peace came, this work could not be stopped at once. For weeks after the armistice train load after train load of war materials rolled into depots and terminals.

But the attitude of the people toward dangerous explosives changed in a night. They were familiar with the terrible explosions at Halifax, Morgan, Eddystone, and Hopedale, and the Black Tom explosion just out of New York. They were afraid to have munitions stored in any quantity near them or even to pass through their community. They were not disposed to put up with, in time of peace, what they had had to endure in time of war as a patriotic duty.

What to do with war explosives became a burning question two days after the armistice. The people of Wilmington, Delaware, discovered a hundred cars laden with picric acid on a siding in their city. The papers took it up. Excitement became intense and the two senators and one representative from the little state hurried to the War Department and demanded action.

The only action possible to the War Department at the time was to send the train on to New York, hire a vessel, load the picric acid, carry it a hundred miles out to sea and dump it overboard. But somebody had blundered. The boxes floated. For weeks afterward, they kept coming ashore, up and down the Jersey coast, and they were picked up by all kinds of people. Warnings were issued, and no fatalities occurred, but the War Department had had its lesson.

The great problem at first was how to destroy these munitions without danger and without great expense. Nobody thought of using them, for board of army officers reported that it could not be done. Peace-time explosives could not be used in war. They were not strong enough. Therefore war-time explosives could not be used in peace. They were too strong.

But there was a wise old man in the Bureau of Mines, Dr. Charles E. Munroe, a former dean of George Washington University, Chief Explosive Chemist, and an inventor of a smokeless powder himself. He said that TNT and picric acid were too expensive and too valuable to destroy, and that they ought to be used. He reported to his chief, Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, who took it up with Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, and as a result the War Department turned over to the Interior Department an enormous quantity of these things.

The Interior Department divided them among the "Public Parks Service," the "Reclamation Service," the "Bureau of Public Roads," the "Bureau of Indian Affairs," and the "Alaskan Engineering Commission."

Of TNT alone, over thirty million dollars worth have been distributed. It has been employed in temperatures as varying as Alaska and New Mexico without an accident. The greatest test, perhaps, was when a donkey transporting TNT fell off the Bright Angel Trail into a deep gorge. The donkey's neck was broken but the TNT did not explode.

All this stuff had been made for purposes of destruction. It was to go into torpedoes for submarines to launch against vessels, into depth bombs to destroy submarines, into mines to be sown in enemy waters, into high explosive shells to go whining and shrieking and crashing upon buildings, earthworks and human bodies.

By order of our Government, the objective was changed. TNT put its huge, brute strength to another service. In the form of little cartridges of varying size, it went to work to build dams, bla

ocks, tear out stumps, construct roads, loosen sub-oil, and dig ditches.

The old war god, Mars, put his shoulders under ome of the heavy burdens which he himself had been reating.

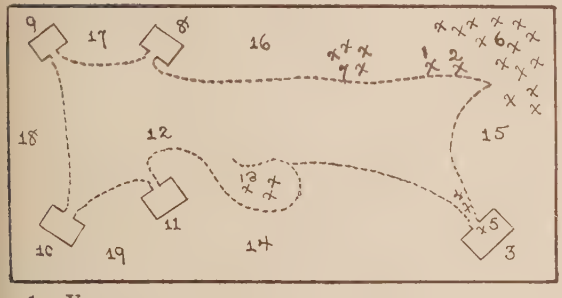
Curiously enough, many of the farmers who used NT in their stump lots were full-blooded American ndians who had seen active service in France during he war. One of them said as he opened up a drainage ditch, "I never thought that I would live to see the day I would like TNT. It is not an enemy now. It is a good friend."

Here is suggested a task of Universalism: Saving waste products that are needed; directing great forces of destruction to construction; making so picturesque, dramatic and thrilling the tasks of peace that our live boys with red blood in their veins will not need or seek an outlet for their abounding energies in war.

The Sand Table

Mrs. Frank Austin Alden

THE YOUNGER SON



1. Younger son.
2. His brother.
3. His home.
4. His father.
5. His mother.
6. Sheep and cows in field.
7. Camels in field.
8-11. Houses in city. (Have dolls in them. Most in 9.)
12. Place where boy stopped to look around.
13. Pigs in field.
14-19. Grass, trees, flowers, etc.

WE are going to study to-day about a boy who wanted to get away from home. Here he is (point to 1) and here is his brother with him (point to 2). They are busy caring for the cows and sheep. (Point to group 6.) Now let us look at where these boys live. (Point to 3.) Here are the father and the mother. (Point to 4 and 5.) This father is a very rich man and he has made a nice home for his family. And he loves both the boys very much. And of course the mother loves them very much also. You see fathers and mothers always love their children more than the children can realize. Now this boy (1) is telling his brother that he wants to get away. And his brother can not understand why he should want to go away. He likes it very much at home. He says the work is not hard and that the folks always have plenty to eat, and that they have a pretty nice home. But the younger son (1) is not satisfied. So that night, when they get home for supper (move 1 and 2 home), the younger son tells his father that he wants to go away. The father and mother feel very bad. But the younger son is just thinking about himself. And while he doesn't want his folks to feel bad he is not willing to give up having his own way. And he says to his father: "You are a rich man. And some day a part of your money will come to me. I want it now so that I can go away and have a good time." This boy does not realize what he is saying. For it would only be when his father was dead that any of his money would belong to the boy, and so he is asking for things as if his father were dead, and that was very unkind. You see selfish people are unkind and they hurt even their own folks and never realize they are doing it, until later, when it is too late.

But the father loves the boy so much that he gives the boy his share of the money the next morning, and the boy goes away. (Move one of the camels, 7, up to house. And then move 1 and the camel down the road to 12.) The father and mother watch him go and begin to hope for him to come back. The other boy (2) goes back to work. (Move 2 back to 6.) Now, of course this is really a long time after, because this city is a long way from his home, this boy gets here (point to 12), and he finds everything new. And he stops here and looks around. He sees this place, which is a hotel. And there are a lot of folks here (point to 9, which should have more dolls than other houses), and he decides he will like it here. So he goes in (move 1 into 9), and he puts the camel out in the field. (Move the camel into 17.) Well, the boy makes a lot of friends. That is, they seem to be friends, because he has a lot of money and he just spends his money as if it would never give out. But you know, no matter how much money you have, if you do not work and keep on getting more money, after a while the money you had will give out. So, after a long while, during which he has been spending his money without thinking what he is doing, he finds one morning that he hasn't a cent left. They have put him out of the hotel, when they find he has no more money. (Put 1 out on roadside, lying down as if during the night.) And he wakes up this morning to find himself without any money. He is tired and sore all over (stand 1 up, in road) because he is not used to sleeping out doors, and he needs some breakfast. Then he goes to the hotel keeper and asks for help, but he gets no help. Then he goes to his friends—that is those who seemed like friends, when he had money. But they will none of them give him any help. You see there is a great difference between real friends who will help you when you need help and those who just like you when you have money to spend on them.

And then what do you think the boy does? Why, he goes over to this house (point to 11) where there lives a man whom he does not know at all. And this boy, who had such a nice home and left it, begs for some breakfast. And the man laughs at him, and says: "If you want breakfast, you will have to work and earn it." You see, this boy had been very care-

less about what other folks might think of what he did. And now he finds out how it feels to have other folks careless about what he thinks or feels. But he must have something to eat, so he tells the man he will work. And the man sends him out into the field to tend the pigs. (Move 1 to 13.) And here the boy is almost faint, he is so hungry. And the pigs are feeding on a kind of husk that has been thrown to them. It was something like pea-pods or bean-pods. And the boy starts to eat these because he has nothing else. And as he eats them, he begins to think that he has made an awful fool of himself to get away from home where he always had enough good food to eat. And he says: "I will arise and go to my father's house, where there is bread enough and to spare." But, don't you think he felt ashamed of himself? Of course he did. And it was a good deal harder to go back home than it was to go away from home. But he goes just the same. For, as the story tells us, "he came to himself." That is he made up his mind where he belonged. In his heart he hadn't meant to do wrong. He had just been selfish, thinking about himself, and about having his own way, all the time. And he had not realized how bad it was to be selfish. And he says to himself, now, "I never can be like a son again, but my father will give me work and I'll be better off than here." You see, he had found his best friends were at home. The others only seemed friends while he had money.

And so the boy comes back home. And what do you think, his father all this time had been hoping he would come back. And every day he had gone out on the road and watched for his boy to come back (move 4 out on to the road where he can see down it), he loves his boy so much. And this day as he watches he sees his boy coming. (Move 1 out to road and slowly toward his home—and when he gets to about opposite 7, have another child start 4 quickly toward 1.) And he runs to meet him and welcome him back. (Have dolls come together as if embracing.) And the boy tells his father how sorry he is that he was selfish and that he is willing now just to be a servant in the old home. But that was so hard to tell his father, don't you think? Well, whenever you are selfish you will find that it always brings something afterward that is very hard to do, but you have to do it just the same. But his father is so glad to have him back that he will not listen to his being a servant, but he leads the boy right home. (Move 1 and 4 back to house.) And then the father gives him some new clothes, and calls in all the neighbors, and has a real feast, he is so glad have him back. Now, this lesson is to teach us that God, our Heavenly Father, loves us so much. He gives us many things all the time. And if we are selfish with them and think we can do as we please with them and forget about the Father who has given them to us, we are simply making trouble for ourselves, later. For our Heavenly Father is our best friend and loves us more than anybody else can love us. And He just wants us to come back to Him. And people are very foolish who run away from God and think they can get along by themselves. For we all need our Father's love and help all the time. We can never make any success of life without Him. And every day we should thank Him for all He does for us. And we should always think of Him and never act selfishly as if He did not care. For He loves us very much all the time.

* *

SOME CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS OF OUR NEW AMERICANS

W. H. Morse

IF a text is wanted, this will do: "The entrance of thy word giveth light." In the course of work among the Italians, Greeks and Hungarians who in their homelands have been denied the open light of the Word, one finds out a great many things in the way of superstitions which are either directly or indirectly due to the gross darkness. Just as they have been jotted down in my note-book, let me give some examples.

"I would not wear my gown *decollete*," said one of the women, "because thus it would show my *sacca sacro*."

I knew the words signified "sacred little bag," and I asked what she meant. In answer she showed me that she wore a little bag, suspended from her neck and hid under the clothing, in which was a bit of parchment, on which was written *"Christus vincit! Christus regnat!"* and also in Latin the Pope's guarantee that the wearer was thereby protected against bodily injuries, drowning and convulsions.

"I got it when I left Naples," the woman said, "so I was preserved."

As some people who are quite as superstitious will nail a horseshoe over a doorway, so we find now and then above the entrances of dwellings devotional sentences, brought from the old country, and as often as not unintelligible to those who sport them here.

This superstition gets mixed with Biblical material when the immigrant has come to possess a knowledge of the Word. One young fellow had heard in the mission the text, Ephesians 6 : 16. He was not then converted, and was one of those who indulged in cock fighting. He copied it on a strip of paper, and wound the strip about his gamecock's leg before it entered the pit.

"I won," he said, "for sure, that way shielded the dearie 'quenched all the darts' of the other bird."

Some of the men who work in the railway yards and get cinders into their eyes, will chant thrice over a basin of water these words, *"Chi dimora nel nascondimento dell' Altissimo!"* and then wash the eye with the water. The words are part of the first sentence of the 91st Psalm! Why they use it, I can not say, but the cinder fails to continue on the offensive, when the water is applied.

A South American missionary tells that there are natives who believe that the smoke from a burning Protestant Bible is curative of tuberculosis when inhaled, as the priests burn the book. A Greek tells me that for the treatment of abdominal disorders, including appendicitis, of course, it is "good" to burn a Protestant Testament, and then mix the "sacrilegious ashes" with beeswax, and to cover the stomach with the compound. I have never tried it. The same person explains that the reason why so many of the Greeks live to be centenarians is because from the time when they reach the age of seventy they are

accustomed to take regular doses of pulverized mummies, brought from Egypt, declaring that, as the mummies have lasted a long time, those who assimilate the dust will do likewise.

It is a belief of both Roman and Greek Catholics that prayers offered in a foreign tongue are more favorably received than those in the vernacular. This not only refers to Latin and Greek, but, as well, to prayers in other than their own languages. "Say it in the English," they will advise their pastors. 'In that way it works like a charm," they declare. I recall a baby suffering from colic. I remarked that it required a carminative. "Sure!" said the mother, and told me to "go ahead and give it in English," and as she said it she knelt. I administered the medicine. Presently she looked up, and said, "Oh, you gave it in a spoon! I thought you would make a prayer in the English, and have a *carminare* (charm touch) on baby."

* * *

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Rising and Sitting

ONCE upon a time there was a Banquet. And the Presiding Officer was one of those Presiding Officers who like to get the Boys up on their feet once in a while.

And just before the Soup was served, he Rapped with his Gavel, and said:

Fellows, we have with us to-day some Visiting Members from Other Clubs. And our Program is Pretty Long, and we do not have time to hear from them; but I take this opportunity to Introduce them, and I suggest that we all rise and give them a Royal Welcome.

And the Visiting Members rose and looked foolish, and the members also rose. And then did they sit, and eat their Soup.

And just before the Meat Course was served, he Rapped them to order again, and said:

Fellows, our two Delegates are just back from the State Convention, and I had hoped that we might hear from them to-day, but the Program is rather Crowded and I suggest that we rise and greet them, and let them know that we are proud of our Delegates.

And then did they rise again; and they flung a few jokes at the Delegates and asked them if they had told their wives all that they did while they were away; and such like talk.

And when the meal was over, he said, We have with us to-day a Distinguished Guest, the Past President of our Organization in Oklahoma; and I suggest that we rise and greet him.

And they rose again.

And he said, We are now to be favored with a Solo, by Signor Thingumbob, and I suggest that we rise and greet him.

And they rose again.

And when he had sung, they gave him an Encore, and he sang one of Harry Lauder's songs with an Italian Accent.

Then he withdrew, under pretense of having Another and a pressing Engagement. And they rose again, and sent him off Smiling.

And the President addressed the Club, saying:

We have with us to-day, one of the most Eminent and Distinguished Guests whom it has ever been my Honour and Good Fortune to present to this Club. He is a man of National Reputation; a man of Erudition and High Renown; a man of Eminence and Distinction; a man of Wisdom and of Eloquence.

Then did he name the Orator of the Day.

But by this time the members of the Club were so weary of Rising and Sitting that only about half of them stood up. But some of those who had preceded were False Alarms, and he was the Real Thing.

Now I meditated upon this, and I considered that Men and Women are not capable of many Enthusiasms and Enthusiasms are among Humanity's Most Precious Assets. And it is a pity for folk to burn out their power of Enthusiasm on Trivial and Lesser interests, and have no Enthusiasm left for the Big Things of Life. But I know folk who are Built That way; and it is not the Best Way.

* * *

FREDERIC A. WINKELMAN

Frederic A. Winkelman was born in Baltimore, Md., Feb. 3, 1841, and came with his parents and a brother and sister to Chicago in October, 1852, where he continued to reside until his death, March 25, 1922.

He was identified with the early mercantile life of Chicago and was for some years a partner in the drygoods house of Phelps, Barnard & Winkelman.

During his connection with this firm he met Almira Simons, daughter of a pioneer family which had bought from the government farm land which is now bisected by Kedzie Avenue. Her parents, Edward Simons and Laura Sprague Simons, were charter members of the First Universalist Church, later joining the Church of the Redeemer, of which she herself became a member in early youth. In the Church of the Redeemer, which then stood at Washington and Sangamon Streets, she was married to Mr. Winkelman Sept. 27, 1870.

From that time Mr. Winkelman took an active part in all the plans of that church, and was very prominent in erecting the present edifice at Robey and Warren Streets. This helpful loyalty never faltered, even when in the last few years deafness and ill health made attendance impossible.

For nineteen years he was president of the Illinois State Convention, and for many more than that number of years was member of the Board of Trustees of the General Convention. For many years he was chairman of the financial committee of this Board, during all of which time he attended all meetings, and performed all duties with the utmost care and exactitude and often at great sacrifice of time and moey. No church every had a more capable and consecrated official.

His friends and acquaintances in the denomination will remember and respect him for his clear-cut and straightforward attitude on all church interests; and will recall with a glow of satisfaction his philippics against any weak or time-serving policy on the part of church or state, theology or politics.

He had no patience with what seemed to him "ultra-rationalistic" tendencies in our liberal churches. The present movement of our denomination toward a preaching of Christ and spiritual experience and consecration delighted his soul.

A patriotic American, admiring and believing firmly in our liberal institutions, his righteous wrath was poured out on the heads of the dishonest and the disloyal.

Mr. Winkelman survived his beloved wife only about thirteen months, and, despite the most loving care of his children, greatly longed to depart and be with her.

Frederic A. Winkelman will never perish from our written history, nor from our love and honor and grateful memory.

To the two daughters and the son, surviving these noble parents, our whole Church extends most loving sympathy.

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

BEING HAPPY

Though it be a grand and comely thing
To be unhappy—(and we think it is,
Because so many grand and clever folk
Have found out reasons for unhappiness,
And talked about uncomfortable things—
Low motives, bores, and shams, and hollowness,
The hollowness of the world, till we at last
Have scarcely dared to jump or stamp, for fear,
Being so hollow, it should break some day,
And let us in)—yet, since we are not grand,
Oh, not at all, and as for cleverness,
That may or may not be—it is well
For us to be as happy as we can.

Jean Ingelow.

LITTLE LADY, PETE AND BOY—A TRUE STORY

Nellie Moore Mason

LITTLE LADY, Pete and Boy were brought to the Bird Lady and to the Young Man by a kind lady and her daughter, who, having seen the three fall out of their home in the big maple tree and fearing they would sooner or later make a meal for the Black Pussy, brought them to the Bird Lady, who did not have a Black Pussy.

When they arrived at their new home they were scantily dressed in a suit of soft brown with just a little yellow showing on what would be their tails later. Just three homeless cedar waxwings, the reader will say. Hungry on their arrival, the Bird Lady and the Young Man began feeding them.

Little Lady was very dainty in all her movements, even in eating. Pete and Boy were eager for all the food coming their way, often trying to get it away from each other.

Never having brought up a family of young birds before, how to feed them was a serious problem, but it was decided that a diet of blueberries, mulberries, raspberries, choke cherries, flies, and portions of boiled egg be given them, as that was the food the more easily secured.

At the end of a week they were more fully clothed and tails were beginning to show more than just the band of yellow. Pete had a little more white than Boy about the eye and was inclined to be more adventurous. Thus the days went by. Two weeks had passed and they were getting so they could fly to the top of their box and to the porch and sit in the warm sunshine.

Then they soon began to fly, rather tremblingly at first, on to the Young Man's hands and arms, alighting on his shoulder or head, likewise on the Bird Lady when she would go out.

But having found his wings Pete thinks he is big enough to see the world. He starts for an ash tree, but misses the lowest branches and alights on the ground instead of on the tree. Nothing daunted he tries again, till he and the other two are able to make short excursions and return for their meals when hungry.

It happened one day that they had just been fed when the Young Man noticed a storm was coming up. He put the three in their house, but Pete was uneasy, and just before the storm struck he flew into the ash tree. He had hardly reached it, and he was too high up for the Young Man to get him, when the tempest broke in all its fury.

It thundered, it lightened, it rained, it hailed; stones as large as small marbles beat against the house and the trees. Every minute the Bird Lady and the Young Man expected to see Pete drop, a crumpled heap of feathers, but he clung on. Finally the fury of the storm passed. Pete still clung, but he was nearly exhausted. Then his little feet loosened their hold; he tried to regain his perch, but instead he came tumbling down. But the Young Man was ready, catching the little adventurer and holding him cooped in his warm, tender hands.

After an hour Pete was revived and eating. Before night he was ready for further adventures.

The Young Man and the Bird Lady knew now it would be only a short time when Little Lady, Pete and Boy would be gone.

A few days more and their journeys into the trees became more and more frequent; they visited the porch for food less and less often, and finally one day they did not return. They had gone seeking Life's adventures, leaving sad hearts, but pleasant memories.

North Orange, Mass.

* * *

THE BRIGHTER SIDE

Julian S. Cutler

'Tis a beautiful world, this world of ours,
In spite of the darksome days;
And many a pathway strewn with flowers
Leads out through the tangled maze;
Of course there is sadness, and sin, and care,
And discord in life's sweet song,
And yet, my brother, where'er you fare,
There's always more right than wrong.

There are foes to fight, there are ills to bear,
There are sorrows along the way;
There are sometimes losses, and loads of care,
But there's never more night than day;
There's always a sunrise after the night,
No heart need be always sad,
For the mightiest force is the force of Right,
And there's always more good than bad.

There is always more good than bad, my dear,
There is always more right than wrong;
And often the day that dawns most drear
Is gladdened and blest with song;
There is always more love than hate, we know,
More gladness than sadness given,
And so, if we will, wherever we go,
We may find a little of heaven.

A DAY

I'll tell you how the sun rose
A ribbon at a time;
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set I know not;
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while,

Till, when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars
And led the flock away.

Emily Dickinson.

* * *

JOURNALS FOR GENTLEMEN

Nowadays, even the most sheltered of us can not escape the fact that we are women. There may have been times in the past when a woman could forget that she was a woman and enjoy living merely as a human being, but not so in the twentieth century. In the last ten or fifteen years hundreds of books have been written about us, explaining why we are so, what made us that way, what we used to be like and what we are going to be, by and by. In short, we are a problem. Sometimes we are *the* problem. All of which makes us feel important, or humble, or rather tentative, like a candidate for membership in an exclusive club who will be voted on some time soon.

One of the great factors in keeping our womanishness to the fore is the magazine prepared especially for us. Glance at any news-stand and you will see a bevy of feminine faces, pink-cheeked, red-lipped, golden-haired ladies; some in hats, some in veils, some smiling, some bored, but always there on the covers. The contents of these so-called class periodicals for women have become more or less standardized. There are simple, romantic stories with happy endings and wholesome adventures, chiefly in love, there are articles on women's interests, and patterns, pages and pages of charming gowns, for fat, thin, young and old, with full directions about creating them out of a last year's sleeve, trimmed with one of husband's neckties.

The interesting fact about these special magazines for women is that almost all of them are edited by men. There are only two or three women editors of women's magazines in the country, and they, poor dears, are prevented from committing any literary atrocities by little bands of firm and wise masculine directors who solve all the really important questions of policy.

Edward Bok, a pioneer and perhaps the most generally known of the men-women editors because of his long service with the *Ladies' Home Journal*, believes it is perfectly simple to understand why men are always chosen. Editing, he says, is primarily an executive task, and everybody knows that women are not well qualified for executive work. They do have an important service in the magazine field, however, he concedes, for they write the household hints and children's welfare articles almost as well as most men. In this, he goes quite a little farther than some masculine editors, who even employ men to write the beauty hints and cosmetic advice under such disarming names as Estelle, Claire and Suzanne. All of which reminds one of the darkly hinted secret that the renowned Lydia G. Pinkham herself was really a man.

Speaking of the business of making magazines for women, it seems strikingly unjust that there are no magazines devoted entirely to the personal interests of men. Of course, there are the trade papers and labor journals and a number of dull periodicals about stocks and bonds and automobile inventions, but there is no really live paper touching the heart interests and dress problems of men. It surely would not be at all difficult to get a large circulation if some one had the courage or the initiative to make an entry into this undeveloped field and launch The Man's World, Home News for Men, The Men's Fireside Companion or simply, Man. There is no reason, either, why men's faces would not make good cover decorations. Beautiful matinee idols like Lou Tellegen or popular screen stars like Douglas Fairbanks, done in vivid blues and greens and purples, would lure men readers as they passed the corner stand. Or, if men seem to lack mere doll-like beauty, artists could go in for strength and virility and standardize that clenched jaw and iron-clamped chin which is the current trade-mark of the prosperous business man. If faces go out of style, there could be simple pictures of men in home life: man before his dressing table, or man washing dishes or a father holding a child. Paternity has never been properly immortalized on the news-stands.

In the matter of fiction, it would not be difficult to find wholesome, happy stories for The Man's World which would soothe alike the foot-sore floor walker and the jaded college professor. And to relieve the monotony of pure romance, advertisements of gay undergarments, marvelous hosiery, magical shaving creams, neckties, watch fobs and the thousand or less accessories of masculine attire could run along beside the text.

Since up-keep is as necessary for men as for women, valuable departments could be developed offering suggestions on ways to shave without being cut, how to prevent baldness, how to brush the teeth and other problems which men now have to work out by experience or with only the aid of a drug store clerk. For men getting toward middle life, there could be described exercises to ward off increasing embonpoint, with illustrations showing men in those violent reducing postures, said to be so effective if taken faithfully.

Men are often romantic and sentimental, but they have never been encouraged to tell their heart secrets. Queries about the choice of a mate, how to avoid lover's quarrels, how and when to propose, the art of being a husband, a father, a brother, and the whole gamut of the emotional life, could be answered.

Cousin Dick or Uncle Harold might be induced to conduct a department for growing boys. At present, boys have no particularly enticing way of finding answers to their peculiar problems, but if they could write a letter to some friendly person on a magazine, and see the answer in print, it would be more effective than hours of consultation with parents.

Perhaps the time will come when editing special magazines for men will be the last of the unconquered territories in the way of new occupations for women. If men have been able to do it so successfully for women, there is no reason why, by the law of evolution, compensation or natural selection, women might not master the executive details which Mr. Bok says are the present stumbling block, and create a new profession for themselves. They might even begin now and serve through a pioneer period on present masculine periodicals. It would be pleasant to meet Lilian Langhorn, editor of The Plumber's Age, Claribel Jordaine of Brass and Iron, or Helen Hathaway of Lawn Tennis, Base Ball and Outdoor Sports. These positions would, of course, be preliminary to the greater and more important task of establishing as part of our current life, special journals for gentlemen.—*Florence Guy Woolston, in the New Republic.*

* * *

An eminent London judge who wrote a wretched hand once sent a note to a friend among the lawyers seated at the barristers' table.

Not being able to make anything of it, the friend scribbled something absolutely undecipherable upon a half-sheet of notepaper and passed it up to the justice. The great man looked somewhat annoyed as he glanced at it, and when the court adjourned he asked his friend:

"What do you mean by this? I invited you to come and dine with me to-night."

"Yes," said the lawyer, "and I replied that I should be delighted to do so."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

April 28-30. District Young People's Conference, Clinton, N. C.
May 1. Red Hill, N. C.
May 2. Outlaw's Bridge, N. C.
May 3. Kinston, N. C.
May 4. Durham, N. C.
May 5. Greensboro, N. C.
May 7. Washington, D. C.
May 20-21. Winchester, N. H.

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EASTER IN VERMONT

It was my good fortune to spend Easter Day in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, the town from which Rev. Weston A. Cate has just recently gone to Woodstock, to the regret of all his former parishioners. Although I have visited St. Johnsbury before, and have passed through or changed cars there many times, this was my first opportunity to get acquainted with the town. And of all days in the year, Easter Sunday, especially such an Easter as yesterday, is an ideal time to visit St. Johnsbury. When the returning springtide has had time to work its magic, there will be more of greenery to be seen, but now the town and its surroundings are typical of early spring.

The snow still lingers in the shady places near the hill-tops, but in the valleys it is gone, and through these the rivers, whose waters have wrought so much damage farther down, are rushing toward the sea. There are places where the Passumpsic suggests, and not remotely, the rapids of the Niagara.

The best thing about a hill is that you can climb to the top of it and see what is on the other side, and from the summit can look away unto the things that are afar off. I can not imagine myself living in a valley and being content with it except as a point of departure for expeditions up into the hills. One can be strengthened and inspired when he lifts up his eyes unto the hills, but the inspiration will be vastly greater if he lifts himself bodily up to their summits where his view is not restricted.

So on Easter morning I climbed some of the hills around St. Johnsbury till I could see the valleys reaching out far below me. On one side was what some would call the City of the Dead, but which on Easter Day could only suggest the place of resurrection. On the other were the mills where the river does its useful work. Behind me was the town itself, preparing for worship on the most worshipful day of the year, and before me was the great panorama of God's world, where the resurrection miracle that is repeated every spring was beginning.

The sunlight and shadow played here and there; the clouds, as if ashamed of themselves, were scurrying out of sight; but even in the clearing air there was a limit to my vision. And I wanted to see what lay a little farther on, just beyond the last hill-crest, just around the last bend of the river, just behind the last grove of maples. Next time I will, for when I visit St. Johnsbury again I shall climb another, and a higher and a farther hill.

So every Easter we see a little farther; we catch a glimpse of things that have been hidden from our mortal eyes before; and we know that on the farther slopes of the hills, and in the valleys behind the beyond, there is sunshine, everywhere.

It is good to spend Easter in Vermont, or anywhere else in God's good world.

* *

INVESTING CHURCH FUNDS

There are perfectly safe investments that will yield four or five per cent, and there are others nearly as safe that will yield six or eight. But there is another kind of investment that will come nearer to yielding according to Jesus' standard, thirty, sixty or a hundred fold. Ten thousand per cent in a year or so is better than anything Ponzi ever offered, but this is the real thing. Absolute safety is not guaranteed, but with the exercise of good judgment the percentage of return will be large, even if it does not reach this high figure.

Here is the plan:

Take the money which is available, or that can be raised, and divide it into equal parts, each approximately equivalent to the expense of sending a delegate to the annual Convention of the Y. P. C. U. at Worcester, July 19-23. This will amount to about $15 plus the traveling expenses. Select from among the young people of your church, preferably those who give promise of leadership, as many as there are parts of this available fund, and send them to this Convention. They will be well cared for by the Worcester people. That is the investment. Here is the return:

These young people will come home informed and enthused, and will enter into the work of the home church, Sunday school and Union with renewed energy and efficiency. The cost of the trip, even from distant points, will be but a small sum compared with the worth of the service which these young people will eagerly give on their return.

To safeguard the investment, two things are necessary: first, to select the right kind of young men and women, and second, to impress upon them that the church is making an investment in them, which implies responsibilities on their part for attendance at the sessions of the Convention, and bringing back home a report of what they have seen and heard and done.

To increase the value of the return, send them to Worcester a few days ahead of the Y. P. C. U. Convention to attend the Convention and Institute of the General Sunday School Association, which opens July 16, or plan for them to make the trip with many others from Worcester to Ferry Beach, where during the week of July 24-30 there will be held the Y. P. C. U. Institute, and the week following that, the Institute of the Sunday School Association. The cost of this will be less than $10 for the extra days in Worcester, and $13 to $15 a week at Ferry Beach, plus additional railroad fare. From many points the railroads will offer summer tourist tickets to Old Orchard or Portland, Me., allowing a stopover at Worcester, at a price as low as or lower than the regular fare to Worcester and return, so there will be no extra cost for the trip to Ferry Beach except for board while there.

If you want trained and efficient workers in your church next year and for years to come, send some of the young people to Worcester and Ferry Beach next July. It will pay 10,000 per cent on the investment. For confirmation of this claim, inquirers are referred to the many churches that have done this in past years.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Boston, April 17, 1922.

For the Quiet Hour

All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it.

R. L. Stevenson.

What gives straightforwardness is not the condition in which we are, but the ideal toward which we are heading. What simplifies life is to say something like this: "I do not pretend to know all about religion, or duty, or Christ, but I do propose to live along the line of life which I will call toward Christ. I propose to think less of what I may live by, and more of what I may live toward."

Francis G. Peabody.

He who walks through life with an even temper and a gentle patience—patience with himself, patience with others—has an everyday greatness beyond that which is won in battle or chanted in cathedrals.

Orville Dewey.

When you find yourself beginning to think things that you know perfectly well are unkind and uncharitable—don't. Pull yourself up short and resolutely turn your thoughts to other and pleasanter things. It's the only way. You must think about something, and the only way to keep the bad thoughts out is to fill your mind so full of good and kind ones that there is no room for others. *Grace H. Dodge.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

IN THE FIELD

(Continued)

The following day Mrs. Holmes, the president of the W. U. M. S. of Michigan, journeyed with me to attend a meeting of the Lansing Mission Circle. By evening a severe sleet storm was well under way, continuing through the night. Next day, as we drove from Jackson to Concord, we became suddenly aware of the extent of it as branches of trees, telegraph poles and wires laden with ice fell across the road, more than once within a few feet of us. It was an exciting trip, but the warm welcome which we received when we finally reached our destination, not to mention the "pot luck" luncheon (for which our women in these states are famous), made us quite forget, for a time, the experiences of the morning.

The meeting which followed was interrupted more than once by the sound of trees or branches crashing to the ground. My visit to Concord will long be remembered! Passing into

Illinois

the first meeting was held in Joliet. I was glad to find that the Guild here had increased its membership to 43. The two following evenings were spent with a small group of young people from the new organization of "North Side Universalists" in Chicago and with the two Guilds at the Church of the Redeemer.

In Peoria the young women voted enthusiastically to organize a Clara Barton Guild. This was repeated in Clinton and Urbana a few days later—making four new organizations to add to Illinois' list, for in the last named place two distinct Sunday school classes organized as separate Guilds.

At Galesburg Mrs. Vallentyne, president of the Illinois W. U. M. S., joined me and at an afternoon meeting a Mission Circle was organized. I was glad to have an opportunity to attend chapel at Lombard College and to see something of the buildings and recent enlargements.

During our two days here the convention of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior (Congregational) was in session and it was my privilege at one of their meetings to extend a word of greeting from the W. N. M. A. I was interested in the account of the missionary activities carried on by this Board, and to learn that of the 110 missionaries under its care the women of Illinois are responsible for 24.

We counted ourselves fortunate at an evening session to hear Dr. D. Brewer Eddy of the American Board speak on "The Open Door—What Shall We Send through It?" His plea that we enter it with the message of Christ and proofs of America's friendship was a challenge to every one present.

The following day found us journeying to Avon for an afternoon and evening meeting, where interest in the women's work was revived and will result, we hope, in the organization of both a Mission Circle and a Guild. In Urbana the women voted to reorganize, making the Mission Circle a department of the Women's Alliance of the church.

Interest in the Membership Drive is apparent on all sides.

Susan M. Andrews.

Urbana, Ill.

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TO OBSERVE WOMEN'S DAY

Santa Paula, Cal.
New Haven, Conn.
Norwich, Conn.
Stamford, Conn.
Washington, D. C.
Clinton, Ill.
Marseilles, Ill.
Stockton, Ill.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Muncie, Ind.
Mitchellville, Iowa.
Osage, Iowa.
Gardiner, Maine.
Guilford, Maine.
Pittsfield, Maine.
Portland (All Souls), Maine.
Portland (Messiah), Maine.
Rumford, Maine.
Waterville, Maine.
Abington, Mass.
Arlington, Mass.
Brockton, Mass.
Brookline, Mass.
First Church, Cambridge, Mass.
Third Church, North Cambridge, Mass.
Chelsea, Mass.
Franklin, Mass.
Grove Hall, Mass.
First Church, Lowell, Mass.
New Bedford, Mass.
Newtonville, Mass.
Palmer, Mass.
Quincy, Mass.
Southbridge, Mass.
Second Church, Springfield, Mass.
South and West Acton, Mass.
Stoughton, Mass.
Minneapolis, Tuttle, Minn.
Anoka, Minn.
St. Paul, Minn.
Manchester, N. H.
Newfield, N. H.
Woodsville, N. H.
Bristol, N. Y.
East Aurora, N. Y.
Canandaigua, N. Y.
Little Falls, N. Y.
Macedon, N. Y.
Morris, N. Y.
Richfield Springs, N. Y.
Rochester, N. Y.
Greensboro, N. C.
Kinston, N. C.
Akron, Ohio.
Belpre, Ohio.
Eaton, Ohio.
Greenville, Ohio.
Mason, Ohio.
Milford, Ohio.
Olive Branch, Ohio.
Plain City, Ohio.
Philadelphia (Messiah), Penn.
East Providence, R. I.
Providence (Mediator), R. I.
Woonsocket, R. I.
Barre, Vt.
Wausau, Wisconsin.
Baltimore, Maryland.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON

That title sounds like the call of a trainman; in reality it is a little section of my Southern itinerary.

I had three errands in Philadelphia, to do something for the Sunday schools, to consult with Murray Grovites and to greet Raffety and Leinbach, fellow-travelers in the East, and tell them that I loved them still. Harold Gartley, leader of our Pennsylvania Sunday schools, is not content to be a merely nominal officer, but insists upon thinking, working and giving. The result is that good progress is being made throughout his field. Both Philadelphia schools, though confronted with the difficulty of distance, are growing, largely in their adult divisions.

Pennsylvania is to be well represented at Murray Grove, and Mr. Waller, Mr. Gabell and the rest of us are determined that every attendant shall go away satisfied.

So many people came to the Sunday School Conference at Baltimore that it was decided to prefix a sermon, so we made an evening of it, a happy evening. The friends were eager for fellowship and suggestion. One interesting moment was when the Sunday school ordered a hundred copies of the new catechism and the church immediately ordered two hundred and fifty more.

Washington is living in hopes. It is really living, under the competent leadership of a Christian minister (both words emphatic), Dr. John van Schaick. At the Sunday School Conference on Saturday evening the room was as full of good questions as the present air is of radio messages. This body of people needs and deserves a building appropriate for the Capital City and fitted for modern church work. I think they will have it and have it soon.

G. E. H.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

May 9. Annual Meeting, Universalist Historical Society, Roxbury Church. 3 p. m. Illustrated Lecture by Edwin J. Lewis, "The Architectural Development of the New England Meeting House."

May 10-11. Connecticut Convention, Norwich.

May 15. Clara Barton Birthplace, North Oxford, Mass. Visitors' season opens.

May 17-18. Massachusetts State Convention, Lawrence.

June 30-July 2. Texas Convention, Elgin.

July 16-19. General Sunday School Association, annual Convention, Worcester, Mass.

July 19-23. Y. P. C. U. Convention, Worcester, Mass.

July 24-30. Y. P. C. U. Institute, Ferry Beach, Me.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	345
Riverside, Cal.	13
Santa Paula, Cal.	4
Bridgeport, Conn.	15
Washington, D. C.	16
Miami, Fla.	25
Peoria, Ill.	61
Indianapolis, Ind.	10
Junction City, Kan.	2
Maine:	
Auburn	5
Brunswick	13
Caribou	23
Dover-Foxcroft	1
Rumford	9
Scarboro and So. Buxton	4
Massachusetts:	
Abington	3
Adams, North	10
Arlington	7
Brookline	3
Charlestown	1
Everett	28
Foxboro	5
Gloucester	19
Lawrence	1
Leominster	5
Marlboro	6
Medford	5
Monson	7
Malden	10
Newtonville	4
Orleans	7
Roxbury	13
Salem	45
Somerville, First	5
Stoughton	46
Wakefield	3
Waltham	13
Concord, Mich.	14
Horton, Mich.	2
Liberty, Mich.	2
Minneapolis, Minn. Redeemer.	23
Claremont, N. H.	2
Manchester, N. H.	7
New York:	
Canton	12
Little Falls	7
Rochester	16
Syracuse	15
Greensboro, N. C.	1
Akron, Ohio	21
Bellville, Ohio	7
Linesville, Pa.	3
Towanda, Pa.	4
Chattanooga, Tenn.	7
Rutland, Vt.	4
Racine, Wis.	13
Wausau, Wis.	21
Halifax, Nova Scotia	5
North Halifax, P. Q.	6
Total	982

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 13. Santa Paula, Cal., 1. Junction City, Kan., 1. Indianapolis, Ind., 3. Brunswick, Me., 7. Gloucester, Mass., 8. Marlboro, Mass., 2. Concord, Mich., 2. Horton, Mich., 2. Liberty, Mich., 9. Minneapolis, Minn., 3. Greensboro, N. C., 1. Total, 52.

PERSONAL

Rev. Arthur M. Soule has accepted a call to the church at Harrisville, R. I., where a splendid opportunity for community work presents itself. For the past three years Mr. Soule has held the pastorates of the Kingfield and New Portland parishes in Maine.

The ordination of William A. Garner took place Thursday, April 13, at Stockton, Ill. Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D., preached the ordination sermon, Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., of Elgin, Ill., gave the charge to the pastor and the people, and Rev. N. E. Spicer, from Sycamore, Ill., extended the fellowship of the Illinois Convention.

While attending the conference of Southern Mountain Workers at its recent session in Knoxville, Tenn., Rev. Hannah J. Powell, of Inman's Chapel, N. C., was twice a guest at the University of Tennessee situated in Knoxville. On one evening she was the guest of the dean of women and spoke to a large group of women students. On another evening she was entertained by the Zeta Chapter of Sigma Kappa, the national college sorority of which Miss Powell is a member. Here again she had the privilege of talking about the beautiful valley of the Pigeon River in North Carolina.

Illinois

Peoria.—Rev. B. G. Carpenter, pastor. Easter was the greatest day in our history. The weather was perfect and, in spite of our recently enlarged auditorium, the church was overcrowded at every service. Attendance at Sunday school numbered 222. At the morning service sixty-one new members were received into the church. No special Easter meetings were held except one on the Wednesday evening preceding Easter, when the points of our faith were explained. It is believed that the large class of new members resulted chiefly from the carefully worked out plans for the observance of Lent. Our Sunday evening lectureship meetings have also been a help. In the Lenten sermons the emphasis has been placed upon the supremacy of spiritual life. We are going to begin at once to work up another class of new members for Children's Sunday.

Stockton.—The ordination of Mr. Garner, April 13, was the third ordination service held in this church in a little over five years, and it was as impressive as the other two services. This church seems to be a feeder for city churches, for one of these pastors has taken a church in Boston, and the other has gone to Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Simmons presented the church with an Easter gift of a piano in memory of their daughter, Irene, who died six years ago during her freshman year at Lombard College.

Indiana

Indianapolis.—Rev. Edwin B. Cunningham, pastor. Easter was celebrated here under beautiful skies and mild temperature. Audiences which filled the church attended both services. Three children were christened, and six people were received into membership, making a total of ten for the Lenten period. The presence of several non-resident members of the church added much to the joy of the day. Plans have been perfected for the observance of Women's Day, April 30.

Iowa

Waterloo.—Rev. Otto S. Raspe, pastor. The Lenten season was observed with special Sunday morning sermons on the general topic, "The Great I Ams of the Fourth Gospel." On Thursday evenings special services have been held, with sermonettes by the pastor, and on Holy Thursday communion was observed. Easter was a gala day. The altar was almost buried with Easter lilies and plants. There was special music by the chorus choir. All the young women of the choir belong to the Clara Barton Guild. At the noon hour the Sunday school gave an Easter concert, with special anthems by the young ladies' class. On April 17 Mr. Raspe read a paper, "The Romance of Universalism," before the Ministerial Association of Waterloo.

Kansas

Junction City.—Rev. Fred A. Line, pastor. Easter Sunday services were in keeping with the beauty of the day and the spirit of the season. At the morning service the choir of sixteen voices sang a beautiful cantata, "The Triumphant Life," before an appreciative congregation which practically filled the church. Two were received into church membership and one baby was christened. The offering amounted to nearly $700. In the afternoon a Masonic Easter service was held at the Presbyterian Church at which Mr. Line gave an address on "Temple Workmen." The Easter services of the Sunday school were held in the evening. The children, assisted by the choir, presented a fine program. On April 23 the chapel choir from Fort Riley furnished the music for the evening service.

Maine

Auburn.—Rev. Roderick J. Mooney, D. D., pastor. Easter was a banner day in this church. The congregation at the morning service completely filled the auditorium, and the great vestries were packed at the Easter exercises of the Sunday school, when sixty scholars took part in a pageant. In the afternoon the Knights Templars service brought together not less than eight hundred people. Five members were received at the service on Maundy Thursday. We are already doing special work for Children's Day.

Brunswick.—Rev. Harry F. Shook, pastor. Last December the pastor asked that each organization endeavor to increase its membership at least twenty-five per cent by Easter, and it was agreed that the two societies making the smallest gain should entertain the parish the week following Easter. The contest resulted in increases as follows: Y. P. C. U., 95 per cent; church attendance, 68 per cent; men's organization, 64 per cent; Sunday school, 40 per cent; St. Macrina Society (an organization of younger women), 40 per cent; church membership, 26 per cent; Mission Circle, 19 per cent; and Murray Alliance, 17 per cent. Accordingly, the parish is to be entertained very soon by the Mission Circle and the Murray Alliance. Thirteen new members were received into the church on Easter Sunday and seven babies were christened. The attendance at the morning service was record-breaking.

Dover-Foxcroft.—Rev. J. Frank Thompson, pastor. A large congregation attended the Easter service. Mr. Thompson preached on "The Easter Joy," and the quartet choir rendered excellent music. Following the communion service, one member was received.

Caribou.—Rev. H. M. Daniels, pastor. Easter was one of the greatest days in the history of this church. At the morning service the auditorium was filled to the last available seat. The floral decorations were many and beautiful. Anthems by the double choir, together with an Easter selection by the male quartet, added to the impressiveness of the occasion. After the regular service, twenty-three persons were received into membership, and communion was observed, a large number partaking. In the evening the church was again filled when a most excellent Easter concert was given by the members of the Sunday school. During the past three years fifty-one members have been received into the church, thereby doubling its membership and making it the largest it has ever been in its history, a real testimony of progress.

Canton Point.—Services were held Easter afternoon, Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes, the former minister, preaching the sermon before a most responsive audience. Even though the people live on farms at some little distance from the church, and no committee on decorations was chosen, home grown plants and cut flowers and even an Easter lily graced the pulpit. Many friends from Canton came over to the service, repeating the music that had been sung at their church in the morning, and helping to make it an occasion for renewed faith and joy.

Canton.—Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes, pastor. The spirit of Easter finds its way even into remote country towns. While we do not see the "Easter Parade" of fashion in hats, gowns and color, while the roads are still soft with mud and snow, and while the greenhouses are not near enough to furnish flowers for the sanctuary, yet the spirit of Easter is in the air. Home plants and ferns adorned the altar, and the church was decorated with green and white. The congregation filled the church to the doors. The singing was exceptionally fine, and Mr. F. H. Bate, formerly a Congregational minister, now superintendent of schools, gave a very able sermon. Following the morning services, the Sunday school gave a fine concert, at which the children proved the value of their training and of the work of the superintendent of the school, Mrs. Eric York.

Massachusetts

Everett.—Rev. R. H. McLaughlin, pastor. A great many new people have been identifying themselves with the parish this winter. Morning congregations have averaged larger than in previous years, and chairs have had to be brought in for the evening lectures. A Get-Acquainted Committee, which welcomes strangers who come to the church and which has charge of a monthly social, has accomplished good results. On Sunday evening, April 2, the service was conducted entirely by the laymen of the church. Ex-Mayor Chambers presided, conducted the devotional exercises and spoke on "Religion in Business." General Sweetser spoke on "The Church in the Army," and Ex-Mayor Nichols gave a real sermon on "Why Men Don't Go to Church," giving reasons why they should. On the following Sunday the laywomen took charge, Mrs. Clara Collins, presiding. Margaret E. Coburn conducted the devotional services. Matsu Koyama brought a message from Japan, and Mrs. George L. Parker, in an address long to be remembered, told of "Russia as I Knew It." Splendid musical programs were rendered and the church was filled each evening. At the quiet hour service on Holy Thursday evening, ten new members were received, and on Easter morning before an audience that filled every available space in the auditorium, eighteen more united with the church. The offering was between six and seven hundred dollars. On April 13 the Mission Circle shared their guest, Matsu Koyama, with all the neighboring Mission Circles in a fine meeting arranged by Mrs. George A. Libby. The Junior Union recently presented a play, "Her Busy Day," clearing $60. Eighty members of the Sunday school have not missed a Sunday for six months. The Hamilton Memorial Fund has expended $226 amongst needy families since Jan. 1.

Gloucester.—Rev. John Clarence Lee, D. D., pastor. Affairs in this mother church of our denomination are going well. At the yearly meeting, reports showed all debts paid and the treasury in the best condition in years. Eighty members have been added to the church since Dr. Lee became pastor, nine of whom joined at the communion service on Holy Thursday evening. The young people, in the Y. P. C. U., of which Helen Lloyd is president, and in the Semper Fidelis, which has a membership of forty and is sponsored by William D. Corliss, are active. The latter organizations gave three short plays last month, which they afterward repeated at the Middleton Sanatorium. The Chapin Guild is having an excellent year, with Mr. Jeremiah Foster as president. The March Committee, Mrs. Addison Burnham, chairman, arranged for a second performance of the minstrels which had been successfully given by the Gloucester Woman's Club, of which Mrs. Lee is president, and the April Committee, the chairman of which is Miss Mabel Andrews, presented Mrs. Elizabeth Pooler Rice, reader, who gave a dramatic recital of three short plays. The Sunday School Institute in March aroused live interest. Mrs. Chamberlain, Miss Randall and Mr. Hempel, of the State Association, were the speakers. With Mr. Charles M. Clark as superintendent, the school has gained new teachers and scholars. The Ladies' Society held a successful Easter sale. The society is divided into six circles, which meet at different houses, and then come together for a supper and general meeting at the vestry once a month. Many food sales have been held by the Caterers' Club, led by Mrs. J. S. Dolliver. Sunday evenings during Lent, a series of religious music recitals was given by our organist, Mr. George B. Stevens, and the quartette choir. Large audiences made up of people from every denomination have attended these recitals and much appreciation has been expressed.

On Easter Sunday a great congregation was present. The misty beauty of the just opened buds which decorated the church sounded the keynote of the sermon and music, and seemed to inspire the people, old and young, with the joy of our faith.

Haverhill.—Rev. L. W. Coons, D. D., pastor. Easter with us was a wonderful success. Our morning congregation numbered over 500. Twenty-seven were received into membership, twelve of whom were baptized at an early service on Easter morning. During Dr. Coons' pastorate, over 300 members have joined the church and our total membership is now above 500. The Easter offering this year is for a fund to be used for local benevolences. On Good Friday evening, our quartette, assisted by nine of the finest singers of the city, gave Dubois' cantata, "The Seven Last Words of Christ." It was a rich and beautiful service. The church was filled to its utmost capacity. On Easter Sunday evening thirty-five members of the Sunday school took part in the pageant," The Tree of Life." The church was again filled, and our people are won to a belief in the educational value of the religious pageant.

Malden.—Rev. Clarence J. Cowing, pastor. Easter was one of the great days for us as for other churches. We had an overflowing congregation, an Easter offering of $700 and an Easter gift of $1,000 toward the purchase of land for a parsonage. Ten members were received into the church.

North Adams.—Rev. Albert Hammatt, pastor. The special Easter services were extremely successful, as evidenced by an unusually large attendance and by an added membership of ten. Much of the interest is undoubtedly the result of the united Lenten services which have been conducted in the various churches of the city. The morning service was followed by a very enjoyable children's concert.

Orange.—Rev. George L. Mason, pastor.—Three Lenten services have been held on Friday evenings, including Good Friday. Mr. Mason preached at one of these services, and out-of-town ministers at the other two. Considerable interest was shown. Mrs. Mason is chaplain of the local Grange. She is interesting the school children in the study and protection of birds in connection with the Massachusetts Audubon Society. When the pastor has been away, Mrs. Mason has supplied the pulpit, much to the acceptance of the congregation.

Plymouth.—Rev. Samuel E. Franc, pastor. Mrs. F. N. Chamberlain visited us on Palm Sunday, inspiring us with new determination to do big things for the Sunday school. At a union service of the Protestant churches of the city on Holy Thursday, Dr. John Smith Lowe spoke on "The Visible and Invisible Worlds." Mr. Franc's sermon for Easter Sunday, "Good People Never Die," was the last of a series of sermons given during Lent. Large congregations have attended these services. On May 1 there will be the Annual May Dinner, followed by a service in the auditorium. This being our centenary year, we hope to have many visitors.

Stoughton.—Rev. William P. Farnsworth, pastor. Easter was a memorable day. The church was filled to capacity at the morning service and the offering amounted to $200. Three hundred attended the vesper service at five o'clock. The music at both services was of high order. An impressive consecration service followed the regular morning service, when forty-six persons united with the church, six receiving the rite of baptism. This is the largest class ever received into fellowship with this church, and it is worthy of note that a considerable number of them are representative men of Stoughton.

Wakefield.—Rev. W. S. Perkins, D. D., pastor. At the annual meeting April 6, reports from the various organizations were all most encouraging. The society voted to accept a bequest of $1,000 from Mr. Eugene Stowell of Ashland, N. H., in memory of his father and mother, the income to be used for the support of the society. A committee to inquire into the cost of making certain improvements upon the church property was appointed. A pre-Easter service was held Good Friday evening. A large number responded to the roll call. Rev. Clarence Cowing of Malden preached an excellent sermon, which was followed by communion. Three members were received into the church. On Easter Sunday the audiences were larger and the collections more generous than any in recent years. In the evening the Sunday school gave a pageant, "The Immortality of Love and Service," which was well produced and attracted favorable comment.

Michigan

Concord.—Rev. William Couden, pastor. Improvements are being made upon the church building, and the old furnishings are being replaced by new. By the will of Mrs. Mary E. Reynolds, the church becomes heir to $200. All departments are active. On Easter Sunday fourteen new members were received and three children christened.

Horton.—Splendid interest in the Sunday school is being maintained, and the people are as usual faithful and active. In March one new member was received and on Easter Sunday one more was added and two children were christened.

Liberty.—About five hundred people gathered at the church Easter Sunday afternoon when a fine church bell was dedicated, the gift of Mr. LaDow Kennedy of Jackson, a devoted member of the church and a member of the executive board of the State Convention. At the communion service which followed, two members were received and nine children christened. The week after Easter was a busy one. A bazar was held, a play given, and the Hillsdale College Girls' Glee Club gave an entertainment. Rev. George H. Ashworth of Lansing is soon to spend a week here holding services. The parish hopes to engage a young theological student for summer pastoral work.

New Hampshire

Claremont.—Rev. C. B. Etsler, pastor. This church, with five churches in the local federation, observed Holy Week by a series of union services. Rev. W. H. Morrison, D. D., of Nashua, was the speaker Tuesday evening, and on Good Friday Stainer's "Crucifixion" was given. The Easter morning service brought out a large congregation, and two were received into the church. The offering amounted to $350. In the evening the choir gave the oratorio, "The Victorious Christ."

Nashua.—Rev. W. H. Morrison, D. D., pastor. Easter Sunday was a fitting close to the Easter season. Both morning and evening there was a large congregation and a splendid service. The last meeting of the Men's Club was a success in every way. A large number of men attended a splendid supper was served, and Mr. Chase of the Concord Men's Club gave an interesting talk. The Easter sale and supper was also successful.

New York

Canton.—Rev. James Milford Payson pastor. Easter was one of the most successful in our history. The large auditorium seating several hundred was packed, the Knights Templars worshiping with us in a body. Twelve were received into membership. The offering was $200.

Little Falls.—Rev. H. M. Cary, pastor Seven new members were received at the Easter communion service on Good Friday evening. The services Easter Sunday were memorable for the record attendance the beautiful decorations and the splendid program of music. Mr. Cary preached on "The Return of Peter Grimm," drawing from that play his Easter message. Under the capable direction of Miss Lynda Billings the Sunday school exercises were a great success. Twelve of the young people took part in a playlet by Margaret Slattery, "Life." On Tuesday afternoon April 18, at the annual meeting of the Mission Circle, officers were elected as follows: Mrs. Charles Wright, president Mrs. Joseph O'Hara, vice-president; Mrs. J. R. Newell, recording secretary; Mrs. George Evans, corresponding secretary Mrs. Earl H. Bogardus, treasurer. The hostess was Mrs. Irving Oppel, the retiring president, under whose administration the Circle has grown to be one of the largest if not the largest, in the denomination Her record has set a pace for all future presidents.

Rochester.—Rev. W. W. Rose, pastor We had a great Easter. Morning and evening congregations totaled a thousand Sixteen joined the church, which, with the eighteen at Christmas, makes thirty-four for the year. The congregations the

winter have been unusually large, ranging between 800 and 1000 persons each Sunday. The evening illustrated lectures continue to draw an audience which fills the auditorium, in spite of the fact that three other downtown churches have followed our lead in providing a popular Sunday night program. Through newspaper reports of sermons and paid advertising, the church is kept before the public eye. Mr. Rose is president of the Kiwanis Club, and has many speaking engagements. The largest congregations in the history of the present pastorate gathered this Lenten season to hear the sermons on Universalism. It would seem that non-Universalists are inquiring as to what we believe. The average attendance of the Sunday school is 227. The school has a staff of eighteen teachers and ten officers. The pastor's class of young men and women, which is a discussion class, discussing chiefly the morning sermon topics, is a decided success. The Senior and Junior Clara Barton Guilds are active. The Mission Circle is striving to increase its membership to one hundred this spring, and is well on its way. The women will conduct the entire service April 30. During May, Mr. Rose will preach both morning and evening on Sundays.

Syracuse.—Rev. F. W. Betts, D. D., pastor. The church was crowded on Easter Sunday. The offering for our endowment fund was, with a few items to come in, $2,000. Eight children were christened. Fifteen united with the church. Every department is well organized. The Sunday school is doing the best work in its history under the remarkable leadership of Mrs. J. Herbert Shaw as superintendent. The King's Daughters have a membership of eighty, and are exceptionally efficient. Indeed it would be difficult to find a more devoted or efficient group of workers than we have in this church.

North Carolina

Greensboro.—Rev. R. S. Kellerman, pastor. We had a beautiful Easter service. The children of the Sunday school all took part in the exercises. Little Peter Winslow, the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Winslow, formerly of Massachusetts, was christened. Mr. Winslow is superintendent of the Sunday school. One new member united with the church. On the day after Easter, which is a holiday here in the South, our Sunday school enjoyed an "outing" in one of the parks, with "egg-hunting" and supper.

Ohio

Akron.—Rev. George Cross Baner, pastor. This church has been doing very good work this year. Congregations have been larger than usual. Once a quarter the trustees hold a social evening to which the entire parish is invited. At the meeting in January it was voted to raise money to redecorate the church. Within twenty minutes the money was subscribed and within six weeks the pledges were paid in full. The church looks almost like new. We are now having the gymnasium completely done over. Audiences during Lent are fairly large and on Faster the congregation filled the church. On Holy Thursday twenty-four joined the church, twenty-one of whom were adults. Best of all, one of our young men, Donald Evans, pledged himself to the ministry. He is now a student at Akron University but expects to transfer to St. Lawrence this fall. There are several more in the state who intend to enter the ministry, and it is hoped that they will begin their work at one of our schools in September.

Bellville.—Rev. Lewis R. Lowry, pastor. This church is up and doing. Easter services were well attended both morning and evening. At the morning service communion was observed, and seven new members admitted to fellowship, making a total of eight since the beginning of the present pastorate, last September. An encouraging fact, at a time when men are so badly needed in the church, is that five of these new members were young men. With a population of less than a thousand inhabitants, the village has five active churches. Considering this fact, it was a cause for rejoicing that on Easter morning we had a congregation of sixty-eight, and in the evening a congregation of fifty-five. Since the beginning of the present pastorate, the parsonage has been rebuilt at a cost of $2,500. New hymnals have been purchased for the church. We are only waiting for the new Sunday school hymnals which are in the course of preparation to be issued, when we will get new books for the Sunday school. We are not rich financially, but we are moving along and hope to have smooth sailing in the near future.

Pennsylvania

Linesville.—Rev. J. L. Dowson, pastor. The church was crowded Easter Sunday morning. A cantata was given by a large choir. Three new members were received. The special offering was large. Ten dollars has been sent by the Ladies' Society to Camp Hill. During the summer, Mr. Dowson is to act as superintendent of a Chautauqua circuit, and while he is away, Rev. Thomas Stratton of Rutland, Vt., will occupy the pulpit.

Quebec

North Hatley.—Rev. E. E. Marggraf, pastor. At the Easter service a bronze memorial tablet was presented by Mrs. Susan MacCrea of Sherbrooke, Mrs. Georgianna Call and Mr. Jean B. LeBaron, of North Hatley, in memory of their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram N. LeBaron. The tablet has been placed on the west wall of the entrance to the church. Mr. and Mrs. LeBaron were among the founders of the church and from the time of its organization were loyal workers. Russell Burton Call, a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. LeBaron, and four other members of the Sunday school, were received into membership of the church.

Tennessee

Chattanooga.—Rev. George A. Gay, pastor. We had one of the very best Easter observances in our history. Masses of snowballs, apple-blossoms, Easter lilies and other flowers decorated platform and choir rail. A congregation of seventy people gathered in the morning and in the evening ninety-eight attended the illustrated lecture. Four boys, among them one of the pastor's sons, united with the church. Three members of the Sunday school joined the church last month, and we expect two more accessions very soon. Special services were held on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Easter week. Dr. Huntley and Rev. Hannah J. Powell were visitors on April 9. Dr. Huntley preached in the morning, Miss Powell spoke at the Y. P. C. U. hour, while both were speakers at the evening service. We are planning a series of special meetings beginning April 30, when Rev. F. B. Bishop, our Southern Superintendent, will be the preacher. A male quartet will furnish music. We are hoping for a general awakening in the community as a result. Plans for the summer institute are well matured, and an excellent faculty has been secured. Rev. L. B. Fisher, D. D., will represent the General Sunday School Association, Mrs. Katherine Haskell Ball the W. N. M. A., and Edgar T. Williams, one of our young men and a member of the National Board, the Y. P. C. U. Mr. Bishop, who will be director of the institute, will offer special courses to students desiring advanced work. Rev. Armon Cheek, who spent nine months with Mr. Gay as a student in the School of Evangelism, is preaching in Illinois with success.

Vermont

Rutland.—Rev. Arthur E. Coxon, pastor. Easter was a big day at this church. Five men, three of whom were trustees, and one woman were received into the church.

Washington.—Rev. C. A. Simmons, pastor. A large congregation attended the Easter service in this church. The fine musical program was under the direction of Miss Olive Calef, Miss Hazel Downing and Miss Rena Downing giving vocal solos.

Wisconsin

Racine.—Rev. Arthur W. McDavitt, pastor. Easter was a great day with us. The largest audience that ever attended a regular preaching service was present. The choir, assisted by other talent, was at its best. Eleven members were received, making thirteen since our last report. The offering was the largest ever received, which is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the industrial situation in Racine is regarded as the worst in this

section of the country. A Chapter of Comrades has been organized, and the Mission Circle, with Mrs. S. B. Walker as president and Miss Anna Watterhouse as secretary and treasurer, has been reorganized. Among our many activities have been a concert by the choir and social gatherings for the young people. New people are constantly showing an interest in the work, and fifty new families have become identified with the church during the present pastorate. Mr. McDavitt was recently selected to arbitrate the wage dispute between the Printers' Union and the employers, and also led a successful fight for the teachers of the public schools to maintain their present wage scale. During the summer vacation, the pastor will assist Rev. Thomas Chapman in Kentucky.

Wausau.—Rev. William J. Taylor, pastor. Holy Thursday was observed by the rendition of "The Man of Nazareth," by Rogers. The church was filled. A Good Friday service was also held, Mr. Taylor's subject being "The Last Seven Words," Twenty-one were received into the church on Easter Sunday, making an accession of about 150 during the present pastorate of three years. At both the morning and afternoon services, the church was crowded to the limit. The Ladies' Aid netted about $175 from their Easter sale.

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PUBLIC MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS W. U. M. S.

The Massachusetts W. U. M. S. held its final meeting of the season on April 6 at Palmer, Mass., where a most cordial welcome was extended by the Palmer Circle. Mr. Dewick, president of the Bethany Union, gave an address which added a number of new members to that organization. Miss Macduff presented the following goal for membership, which is well worth consideration: Thirteen new patrons, one for each district in the state; every member of the state board a life member; one new life member in every Circle. It was a pleasure to greet Miss Matsu Koyama, who is spending April in Massachusetts before starting west on her journey to Japan. Vocal solos by Mrs. William Pero and Mrs. Hazel King were much enjoyed.

A. Louise Barker,
Recording Secretary.

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Notices

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CHAPTER OF COMRADES

The State Board of the Massachusetts State Chapter of Comrades desires to co-operate with every local chapter, and to help in the organization of new chapters. Write to us freely about your problems, and we shall be glad to help in any way possible. Let us put the old Bay State at the front in this movement!

William R. Thomson, President,
11 *Temple Place, Boston.*

Alvar Polk, Secretary,
176 *Newbury Street, Boston.*

Y. P. C. U. CONVENTION

Official Call

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church (incorporated) will be held in Worcester, Mass., beginning at 7.30 p. m., July 19, 1922.

This meeting is for the purpose of receiving reports and for the election of officers for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business that may legally come before it.

Louis F. Merlin,
Secretary.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 11, 1922.

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TUFTS JUMBO PATTIES

Help Tufts College raise its Million Dollar Endowment. Buy Jumbo Patties, 10 cents apiece. *The Leader* will place your order for any quantity you may desire.

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CONNECTICUT UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The ninetieth annual session of the Connecticut Convention will be held in the Universalist Church, Norwich, May 10-11, 1922.

Program

Wednesday, May 10. 4.45 p. m. Organization. Roll Call. Welcome, Sumner W. Armstrong, president of Board of Trustees. Response, President C. G. Lincoln. Official Reports. Report of State Superintendent.

7 p. m. Address, "Which Way?" Rev. G. E. Leighton, D. D. Address, Rev. G. E. Huntley, D. D. Ministerial Relief Offering.

Thursday, May 11. 9.30 a. m. Communion, Rev. G. H. Welch, presiding. Occasional sermon, Rev. Edson Reifsnider, D. D. 11 a. m. Business session. Reports of Committees. New Business. Election of Officers.

2 p. m. Business continued. Greetings. Adjournment.

W. U. M. S. of Connecticut

Wednesday, May 10, 1.30 p. m. Official Reports. Election of Officers. Address, Mrs. James F. Albion.

Invitation

The Norwich parish through me extends to the Universalists of Connecticut a very cordial invitation to attend the Universalist State Convention which will be held here on Wednesday and Thursday, May 10-11.

We will treat you well and desire that a large attendance shall assure a profitable convention.

We shall provide lodging and breakfast for Wednesday night and Thursday morning.

Kindly make application to Mrs. Walter A. Bussey, 22 Hamlin Street, for the above not later than Saturday, May 6.

Supper will be served at the church Wednesday night at 50 cents a plate and dinner Thursday noon at 50 cents a plate.

George H. Welch, Minister.

* *

GENERAL CONVENTION TRUSTEES' MEETING

The Board of Trustees of the General Convention will hold its regular meeting on May 8-9, 1922, at the Hotel Commodore, New York City. Any matters to be presented for consideration by the Board should be in the hands of the secretary immediately.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary,
176 *Newbury St., Boston, Mass.*

* *

MASSACHUSETTS UNIVERSALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

The annual Convention of the Massachusetts Universalist Sunday School Association will be held in the First Universalist Church, Lawrence, Tuesday, May 16, at 10 a. m.

Edgar R. Walker, Secretary.

* *

UNIVERSALIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The 88th annual meeting will be held on Tuesday, May 9, at three p. m., in the chapel of the Roxbury (Mass.) Universalist church. Annual reports will be received, followed by election of officers and of new members. Mr. Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., will speak on "The Architectural Development of the New England Meeting House," with illustrations by lantern slides. All Universalists are invited to attend.

After the meeting a visit will be made to the ancient house in Brookline where was born on September 30, 1751, Rev. Elhanan Winchester, the first Universalist to preach in Roxbury.

Warren B. Brigham, Secretary.
Hosea S. Ballou, President.

N. B. Universalists of the Pacific Coast are invited to a Special Meeting of the Universalist Historical Society at Oakland, Cal., Saturday afternoon, May 27.

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For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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Crackling

One puzzle confronting the British public is what they will call the House of Lords now that the ladies have been admitted.—*Detroit Free Press.*

* *

New Yorkers have subscribed $65,000 to aid the war in Ireland, which seems to be less in need of aid than any other activity we know of.—*New York Tribune.*

* *

Bibbie: "How did ye hurt yer hand? Been fightin'?"

Eddie: "Yep. Those were awful sharp teeth Sammy Jones used to have."—*Life.*

* *

Tommy: "Funny how a fellow would start a superstition that Friday is unlucky."

Rot: "Yeah, he musta been a fish."—*The Stanford Chaparral.*

* *

"If I lend you ten dollars, what security will you be able to give me?"

"The word of an honest man."

"All right, bring him along, and I'll see what I can do for you."—*Banther.*

* *

"You told me to file these letters, sir," said the new yeoman.

"Yes," returned the officer.

"Well, I was just thinkin' that it'd be easier to trim 'em with a pair of scissors."—*Mississippi Bulletin.*

* *

When the first airplane was expected in a little Red River town many persons gathered to see it land on the sand bar.

Near the edge of the crowd stood a black mammy and Uncle George, a little old darky with a fringe of white whiskers around his gentle, wrinkled face.

As the plane appeared in the distant sky Aunt Amelia rocked her huge body back and forth in true camp-meeting style and, beating her hands in time to her swaying, cried: "Thank de Lord! Thank de Lord!"

Uncle George gazed up in silence until the wonder came very near, then, raising his trembling hands devoutly, he exclaimed, "I's ninety years old and dat's de onliest piece ob God's furniture I ebber see."—*Harper's Magazine.*

* *

Housewife: "I'll not give you anything. Do you know who I am?"

Tramp: "No, mum."

Housewife: "Well, I'm a policeman's wife, and if my husband were here he would take you, and quickly, too."

Tramp: "I believe yer, mum. Your husband 'ud take anybody."—*The Bulletin (Sydney).*

* *

"She appears to be movie mad."

"No wonder. They're had to move seven times in the past year."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

* *

There is always a brighter side. Spring is seldom as slushy as the poetry it inspires.—*Daily Chicago Journal.*

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